

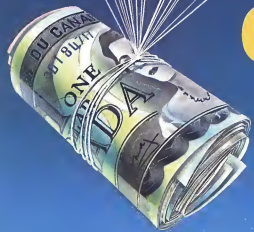
SPAIN:
DEATH OF
DEMOCRACY

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JUNE 8, 1981

\$1.00



THE HIGH COST OF MONEY

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THE PUNISHMENT CONTINUES**





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EDITORIAL

The cure for inflation may turn out to be a killer

By Peter C. Newman

Inflation is an invisible plague. It exposes us all, as Professor Sidney Weintraub recently told the Canadian Institute for Economic Policy, "to unexpected and indiscriminate mugging." For example, everyone who retired on a bank balance or perfectly sure government bonds of, say, \$100,000 in 1970 has been mugged of about \$60,000 since then.

That's a startling enough statistic, considering how few people can afford to retire at the level postulated by the good professor and, worse, taking into account the relatively lower inflation rates of that decade.

The experts who advise governments in these matters have been busy tinkering with the Canadian economy. But all that their collective efforts have revealed is a fundamental lack of insight.

Caught as we are in our usual habit of copying the worst of both British and American methods long after they've proved themselves invalid, Ottawa's mandarins have fallen in love with a complicated theory called monetarism. Briefly, it consists of the simplistic notion that an economy can be managed through control of the money supply by the central bank. In addition, the thought is that high interest rates will eventually kill the supply-demand curve to manageable levels. Lester Thurow, an MIT professor of

economics, shot this bit of saprophy down before the same audience as Professor Weintraub. Comparing the monetarism of Margaret Thatcher in Great Britain and Ronald Reagan in the U.S., he said "If the British are committing economic suicide, North Americans are shooting themselves in the foot, one toe at a time."

The sad truth is that monetarism isn't working. It hurts those who can least afford it and does little to remove future dangers. Despite record interest rates (see page 17), bank loans are continuing to climb. John Kenneth Galbraith, one of the few economists who unambiguously opposes monetarism in all its guises, has pointed out that "running through all monetary action is a disconcerting uncertainty about the relationship between action and effect... there is a strong case against a policy that has largely random results."

Instead of punishing ordinary wage earners Ottawa's policies should create jobs, promote innovation and encourage the evolution of a compassionate social contract between the government and the governed.

One recent estimate has proposed industrial projects over the next two years totaling \$440 billion. It's by getting such mega-projects started that we will cure Canada's economic problems. The brutal policies now in effect will only demand us, further feeding the bellies of inflation.



Maclean's

June 8, 1983

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A cry of guilt

Recently one corrupt and hypocritical society got another thrill and suspended rather typically with all the figural shock and sentimental thump it could muster (The Ultimate Blasphemy, Cover, May 25). Pope John Paul II, like Ronald Reagan, was wounded, but survived an attempt on his life. The staid and arbitrary societal kype that portrays a contrived position of power such as the papacy or presidency suddenly promotes such nonsense for dumb dumplings to follow and for counter-factions to seek glory. The measures of this phenomenon foggy are with their aloof talk-telling of such an occurrence when they themselves are ignorantly contributing to society's schizophrenic tendency to hurt itself while pretending that someone or something separate is to blame.

—ROBERT B. SMITH, Vancouver

The attempt on the Pope's life seemed like an ordained act to remind us vividly of the meaning of sin in the world today. We should thank of such acts as the manifestation of the unsettling violence within the psyche of man and within the institutions that condone acts of horror. The violent upheavals all over the world almost perfectly needed to be juxtaposed with an iconoclast form of anti-violence, which is what the current Pope is, in order for the meaning of



Pope John Paul II: another 'You'll

that violence to strike into our consciences. And each of us who bears witness to this crime against the innocence of the Pope must understand our own contribution to this event.

—BRIAN WOODSWORTH CARLSEN, Victoria, B.C.

The recent shooting of the Pope was rated a heinous crime, but then so is the murder of the man next door. In the sight of God there is no difference in value between the souls of men. You are in error when you say that the shooting was "the ultimate blasphemy" or "the ultimate desecration." According to Mark 3:28, the ultimate desecration is

the blasphemy against the Holy Spirit, and the one who so does "shall never be forgiven." —A.C. WOOD, Burlington, Ont.

Someone's in the kitchen

Your article on do-it-yourself publishing (A Homey Alternative to the Rejection Slip, Living, May 20) is often about The Mary Moore Cookbook. Since Mary Moore published her book three years ago it has risen to the ranks of all-time Canadian best sellers with 65,000 copies sold. Good news for do-it-yourself publishing.

—NARRIYNE ROGGE FITTE, Perth, Ont.

A rose is a rose is a rose

Only Barbara Amiel could find justification for her brand of journalism in Janet Cockle's story (Reading Between the Party Lines, Column, May 25). Shouldn't her piece be titled: "Barbara Amiel, delusional egomaniac?"

—ADEL KASIR, Saskatoon, Sask.

Nature's course

After reading your story *Straying Up Baby Later* (Cover, May 4), I sat in amazement at the selfishness of the whole concept. Try to imagine a 36- to 42-year-old lady dating with his 40- to 50-year-old parents. Obviously, the whole idea stinks. —ALLAN J. GANFIELD, Oshawa, Alta.

PASSAGES



ELECTED: Shirley McLaughlin, 30, as leader of British Columbia's smallest Liberal party, The Comox, B.C. retired and former president of the party was the first woman liberal leader in Comox and B.C.'s first female provincial party leader. She succeeds Jerry Tubb, who gave up the leadership and campaigning of insufficient salary and support. McLaughlin is currently in salary negotiations.

DEED: Former P.E.I. premier Walter H. Shaw, 59, in Charlottetown. A Conservative known for double-crossing the province, Shaw held office from 1980 until 1986 when he was toppled by Liberal leader Alex Campbell who, at 31, became Canada's youngest ever premier.

ELECTED: Dave Patterson, 58, as Ontario director of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America in an upset victory over incumbent Stewart Cooke. Patterson's

highly visible leadership of the big lion head in Sudbury, Ont., and a national campaign helped him win the leadership of the 90,000 union members in the province, one of the most important union positions in the country.



DEED: George Jessel, 83, dubbed "the toast-master-general of the U.S.A." by Harry Truman in 1948, of a heart attack in Los Angeles, Calif., hospital. A comedian, singer and actor, Jessel's career flourished with the death of vaudeville, but was reinvigorated by his years of speaking engagements. The author of two best-selling memoirs and several four times, Jessel was married in a 1964 ceremony with his second. "At my time of life this is a compliment."

DEED: Laura Allende, sister of the late president Salvador Allende Gassman of Chile, after leaving from the 16th floor of her Havana, Cuba, hotel in exile from Chile since 1973, following the

coup two years earlier during which her brother was killed, she was reportedly suffering from cancer.

DEED: President Jaime Balboa, 40, of Ecuador, in a plane crash near the Peruvian border while on a tour with his wife and Defense Minister Gen. Marco Balboa to mark the 100th anniversary of the Battle of Pichincha which denied Ecuador's independence from Spain.

DEED: Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, 79, Roman Catholic primate of Poland (see World, page 32).



DEED: Soong Ching-ling, 90, the only member of her prominent Shanghai family to support the Chinese Communist Party. As Sun Yat-sen's widow, she presided the party to power as her in her early revolutionary efforts in China. In gratitude, Peking ordered three days of mourning, the most formal state funeral since Mao Tse-tung died in 1956.

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A grain by any other name

Westerners are always interested in foreign grain sales such as the recent sale in the U.S.R. (May 10). But the West doesn't. Canada, May 11). The future may prove Mr. Harkin correct when he says, "the problem isn't moving grain, but finding enough of it to move." I can assure you, however, that it present there is still some wheat in the West, which makes it unnecessary to see a picture of a bar in the field above the caption "Capitalist wheat!"

—D.M. WILSON
Regina

Public privacy

With all the fuss being made by the press, one would think Billie Jean King had committed a crime (People, May 11). Instead, something happened in her private life, not particularly scandalous, and neither involving the public nor the game of tennis is certainly in no way diminishes her outstanding achievements, nor will it overshadow them in the memories of those of us who have admired her.

—CAROLINE MITCHELL
Barnaby, B.C.

Tomorrow is always a day away

If we need to curb borrowing all we need to do is insist on mandatory consolidated down payments on homes, cars, etc., with second mortgages being prohibited (Money at Anchor, Business, May 18). People are borrowing more than ever because they believe that tomorrow will only be worse. And they are usually



Captain Harley: at present still some wheat in the West

right. The only benefit of high interest rates, in spite of anything economists say, is that the banks are probably making as much money as the oil companies.

—HENRY J. DYER
Kingville, Ont.

Breathe deep

Your article *The Spread of Silent Sprague* (Canada, May 18) is reflective of the same discoveries experienced in B.C. Public alarm is at a record high. Thank God for people like Bruce de Jong and Peter van Sandenburg who are more interested in the quality of life than the size of their pocketbooks.

—LIGIA HANCOCK
Burnaby, B.C.

Bane is where the dollar is

It's nice to see some of Canada's culture being acknowledged by our own magazine (*Dreams of a Mid-Hourville*, Profile, May 11), although we should be sure more of it. For what Jay Finkelstein says is true, Canada does seem to discourage our artists. Why is it that one cannot become famous at home? It's high time we start appreciating our artists for their efforts and achievements.

—JULIANNE LACROIX
Great Falls, Mont.

Beat the press

Clarification is required of the reference to Walter Stewart in your article *Country Pressures* in the *Millennium* (Cover, May 11). The *Kent* commission requested my appearance in Ottawa, I did not "walk into the arena" of Stewart to be "persuaded to sing for Kent." Had that been my purpose I could have much more conveniently taken part in the Royal Commission on Newspapers hearings several months earlier in Victoria. During 36 years in the newspaper field I had the privilege of working closely with scores of young journalists. It was in the interest of their careers I agreed to attend Ottawa hearings. —COLIN MCLENNAN
Victoria, B.C.

Your quoted Vancouver Sun co-publisher Stuart Keene is saying, "The press of Canada is infinitely better today than it was 50 years ago. It is more honest..." Keene could have added that the honest men in the editorial rooms are not the editors, but the lawyers who must screen libelous stories before they hit print. Honest, perhaps. Partial, not!

—ED CANA
Toronto, Que.

Your article skipped over the really interesting story. The newspaper business is not doing very well at doing their trade, but meanwhile, encouraged in part by more and more mediocre newspapers, Canadians are becoming more and more literate, albeit in a highly distorted way. To illustrate today's mass information overload and the limited incapacity of persons to analyze and offer thoughtful criticism. There is nothing but delusion for those who believe in an informed and confident citizenry in a free society where media lack diversity, autonomy and literacy in their own right.

—GERARD FRANK
Edmonton

Can the centre hold?

Congratulations to Maclean's for its continued preeminence of the vigorous view of Barbara Amiel, reviews by such writers as Lawrence G. Toole and Mark Aubrey and the fresh notes blowing from Andre Dussault. Canada's Redoubt as Cape Breton, is a country marred by politics and the power preoccupations of governments, swash with rent and other crap pumped out by bureaucracy, such writing may remind us that we are walking, talking, thinking Canadians in country that is ours. People at the centre may think they own it, but they don't.

—ALAN CAMPBELL
Regina

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply names, addresses and phone numbers. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 201 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5H 1A7.

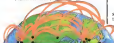


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Adrift in never-never land

"We grow old slipping back from the verge of maturity"

By Mavis Moore

Today's newspaper quotes yet another uncle telling me with no trace of irony that "this is a young country." Romance, escape? Backward, perhaps, escapist, romantic, erratic, naïve, maybe—but hardly young. How long we go on, like aging hippies, blaming our reluctance to grow up on a mythical adolescence? Of course youth is a fleeting gift for the immature. Absolved of responsibility, they can ignore their past, ignore the present, lookers and the future. Our country has a habit of postponing graduation is often attributed to a sense of failure or to overconfidence in survival. I think it's caused by dyspraxia. If more Canadians knew more of their own history they would see how discontinuous it has been: a series of growing pains subdivided, all emptied

know, do not believe this myth.

Then there's the Myth of the Golden Age, in which, as W.B. Gilbert put it, "Art stopped short" in the mid-19th century. Our artists, there's always the Modernism or the Hollywood Myth: modern culture radiates outward from hubs where all creative spirits, including ours, should go. You know the Myth of Interdependence? It risks out of court anything we do among ourselves, diagnoses portability as "universality" and homogeneity as "enrichment," and shows the sediments of history as the progress of eternal truth. Or the Myth of Nationalism? It advises us to don a straitjacket (Owen-wade), the better to demonstrate our native ability. These are twin fallacies, not only forcing us to choose between jumping on the bandwagon and playing solitaire. But there's also the Myth of Con-

science, where the freedom to consume represents genuine autonomy. It excuses us from making anything ourselves and justifies the profit others make doing it for us. It will crassly keep us young—and dependent.

But the grandfather—still very much alive—is the Myth of Our Own Brains. "We put first things first in this country," a lawyer once told me as he declined to invest in a film. Or, as so many Canadian leaders say today, "The economy comes first." Ideas or, even the economists don't believe that. The world's trouble spots—nuclear waste—are all too clearly those where capital is scarce.

But a society's rate of development depends on the share of its resources that it devotes to research, invention and education. These are not the fruits but the foundation of everything else. They define us as they define the destination we pass on to our children. And what are we doing about it? Our federal government spends less than two per cent of its budget on all cultural affairs combined—the arts, social scientific research and communications—while the provinces cut back on their education budgets. This is realia.

"When we think of reality in terms of a world to be remade," says the Canadian sage Northrop Frye, "we find that we need a model or imaginative vision of what we are trying to do." When we were trying to build the St. Lawrence Centre for the Arts in Toronto, city budget chief Allan Lamport gave chase expression to the old myth: "It's all very well for these people to have imaginary ideas, but we haven't got enough money to have imagination." God help us if we cannot find it. We shall the young.

Mavis Moore is professor of theatre at York University in Toronto and chairman of the Canada Council.



know, do not believe this myth.

Our native peoples had a rich tradition that the European settlers destroyed. In turn the newcomers quickly developed a sophisticated culture of their own. Montreal had orchestras and composers while New York was still a back town. Half a century before Boston. But soon our cities became mere stops on the U.S. concert and theatre circuit. From east to west we have repeated the pattern, again and again. We have often been in the vanguard of science and technology—telecommunications, aircraft, medicine, film, radio, electronics—only to abandon the bridgehead and seek to our best brains and talent sought more hospitable shores. As the 19th century began, Laurier (using others' resources) that "this is a young country." But by 1960 the chief publisher for Europe, Montreal's world fair, confessed: "The first, and perhaps hardest, thing was to convince Canadians that we could do it. Without that, how could we sell it outside Canada?"

Since then we have managed to mount another renaissance—the largest yet. The current flowering of our arts and communications holds no previous promise. It is a haven-of-peace oasis of getting along together when so many forces drive us apart, and it is giving us an unprecedented stature in the eyes of the world. Are we about to blow it again? There is dangerous evidence that the old knee-up are still at work. The Myth of Our Promised Future, too busy getting up charge to create culture, if that was true it was the American—but it isn't. True. The Myth of Ourselves' Galt, whereby we lay our growing pains on the imperial British, the imperial French, the pious Americans or almighty God. Or we fall back on the Small Market Myth, which says that no matter how brilliant our products are, we have neither a sufficient market nor the ingenuity to find one. The Japanese, as we



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Facing the blue water threat

At a time when the USSR is rapidly building up the largest blue water fleet in naval history and East-West tensions are escalating, new emphasis is being placed on NATO's current maritime capabilities and future potential. The man in charge of the alliance's naval component is Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic, Navy D. Train II, a four-star admiral who has been in the service since he graduated from Annapolis in 1918. An intense and articulate old

and soul of Western maritime capability. The aircraft carrier is a very, very expensive weapon system; it requires an enormous investment to provide the 5,000 people each required to man them and fund their operation. It also takes an enormous investment in the other elements of the force we describe as a carrier battle group that includes other ships to give the aircraft carrier its true fighting capability. They are guided missile cruisers, destroyers, subma-

chineing more funds on defense is that if war comes, it's likely to be such a brief and decisive conflict that what we do won't make that much difference.

Train: A short war concept is one of the rationales that has gained some acceptance among the less sophisticated analysts as a reason for not investing much in defense. It may be hard to make a rational case for the immediate physical security of the United States and Canada being at risk, but there's more to security than the physical security of the states or provinces of Canada and the United States. Our security also takes the form of protecting the continued functioning of our economies, and that in turn depends upon the continued ability to transport energy and raw materials as well as the continued ability to do business with our trading partners, predominantly in Western Europe. We cannot function without the ability to use the sea.

Maclean's: At the moment, are the two sides in balance?

Train: I'd say that NATO, taken as a whole, has a very slight, barely discernible edge over the rest of the Warsaw pact. The United States standing alone does not.

Maclean's: Soviet objectives are not much different from the earlier period of empire in the 19th century when Peter the Great announced, "I am not looking for land, I am looking for water." How do you see Soviet maritime strategies changing?

Train: There has been an enormous shift. They have a massive, coal-carrying, creditable blue water worldwide-ranging navy today. They are no longer the defensive force they once were, or the force that anchored the flag to their armies; they can support the decisions of their political leadership with maritime power very well. The thing that is extremely significant in all of this is they don't need it. We need it; they don't.

Maclean's: Why don't they need it? Do you mean they're displacing what they already have on land?

Train: They don't need to see the U.S.



'We have to demonstrate the capability of mounting a deterrent to the Soviets'

America's type, complete with flexibility and legend, he talks as poetically as a professor discussing his prospectus for a course. The subject of his discourse is world-peace. He was recently interviewed at his headquarters in Norfolk, Va., by Maclean's Editor Peter C. Newman.

Maclean's: Your command is responsible for approximately 12 million square miles of ocean, stretching around the Atlantic and from the North Pole to the Tropic of Cancer. Do you feel that Canada, which has the lowest defense expenditures in NATO (except for Luxembourg and Portugal), is being up to its maritime commitments?

Train: I'm reasonably confident that Canada is true to the basic principle that when you engage in an alliance which provides the benefit of collective security and you're enjoying the advantages of not having to spend as much to secure your own safety, you incur the obligation to provide a sufficient contribution to ensure that the whole concept succeeds. Canada fits into the collective security of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization as readily as the sea war the United States fits in, which is that the U.S., Canada and to a lesser extent Iceland constitute that element of NATO that I describe as the "Atlanticity" without which the North Atlantic Treaty Organization is nothing more than a group of the Kuro group of nations.

Maclean's: What is your basic strategy then, and how do we fit in?

Train: The aircraft carrier is the heart and soul of the U.S. Navy and the heart

and soul of Western maritime capability. The aircraft carrier is a very, very expensive weapon system; it requires an enormous investment to provide the 5,000 people each required to man them and fund their operation. It also takes an enormous investment in the other elements of the force we describe as a carrier battle group that includes other ships to give the aircraft carrier its true fighting capability. They are guided missile cruisers, destroyers, subma-

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like NATO, they are self-sufficient in energy, they are self-sufficient in raw materials and under any predictable set of circumstances they don't have to worry.

Mackenzie: What is the most dangerous specific component of the Soviet maritime buildup?

Trotter: The Kirov, first of a class of new battle cruisers, should become fully operational by the end of this year. Enclosing their aircraft carriers, due to the largest surface combatant both by the Soviet and their modernization program. The Kirov is about 240 metres long with an estimated displacement of 23,000 tons. It is nuclear-powered and is outfit with a new family of weapons which could allow it to survive in the maritime air environment of the '80s and '90s. Their large submarine force continues to improve in quality. We expect that, today, the Soviet could put to sea in the Atlantic, at the extent of hostilities, somewhere between 70 and 160 attack submarines. To put that in perspective, the German Navy at the start of the Second World War possessed a total of 57 submarines, 27 of which were at sea when war started, and we use the havoc they created. During the Second World War, we had on average of two anti-submarine ships for every German submarine. Today, there are roughly two Soviet attack submarines for every ASW ship.

Mackenzie: When do you expect the peak danger period to occur?

Trotter: By 1985 or 1986, that's when the Soviets will have 27 brand new capital

ships on the high seas, extending the number of modern vessels any nation in the free world possesses.

Mackenzie: Will the new Reagan defense budget allow you to match up?

Trotter: We're not going to get there by 1986. We can do interim things that would stretch our capability, such as the reactivation of floating battleships and aircraft carriers. Those steps will allow us to function with the forces that we have while we are waiting to build the large-deck nuclear powered aircraft carriers that will bring us up to a level of 15 carriers from 12 and build a balanced navy of 600 ships to go around that. We try to have as few gaps as possible but we are not completely balanced in the possession of the frigates, destroyers and submarines. We look to the future to give us an overall balance, so that we 600 ship navy, which is the Reagan administration target, is wrapped around with a supporting force, including Canada.

Mackenzie: U.S. Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger recently managed to obtain a multi-congressionary NATO agreement for the use of U.S. rapid deployment forces in areas outside the alliance's traditional area of jurisdiction, mainly in the defence of Middle East oil fields. How can you handle this strategically?

Trotter: NATO will not attack the Warsaw pact. The Soviets know that. We know that. That's a given. Now, if the Warsaw pact attacks any nation in NATO, the Third World War will result. The Soviets know that. We know that. So-

fare, the situation in the central front and even on the flanks of NATO is fairly stable. There is a heavy deterrent existing. We do not think the Soviets are willing to accept the Third World War today. However, if the nations of the alliance are denied access to their energy sources in the Middle East the consequences to them can be as severe as if their countries were invaded. At the moment, the U.S., the U.K. and France are in effect precluding access to oil on the part of all of the nations in alliance, including Canada. When the U.S. moved its carrier battle group out of the Mediterranean into the Indian Ocean, all of the member nations were very supportive.

Mackenzie: I know that one of your major concerns has always been the defence of strategic "choke points" in such strategic locations as the Strait of Hormuz, the Strait of Malacca, La Perouse Strait (in Japan), the Strait of Gibraltar and the Bosporus. Do you consider the instability of El Salvador in any way threatening the use of the Panama Canal as an essential choke point?

Trotter: El Salvador fits into a number of categories, when we look at our own national interest. El Salvador is a nation that is in the vicinity of one of our key maritime choke points, the Panama Canal. It is strategically important to us that the Panama Canal be shut.

The Panama Canal is probably more important to us today than it was at the time when the Panama Canal Treaty was negotiated back in the mid '70s, primarily because it is so much more important. It isn't an easy option for ships to go around the Cape even if they had the time. The stability of Central America and the Caribbean is extremely important. A controlling power can bring in external forces or use surrogates such as Cuba. It presents a temptation to major world powers to compete in that area for influence. As a region such as the Central American isthmus becomes more and more unstable, there is greater and greater potential for the great powers to be involved there and threaten the region directly adjacent to the Panama Canal. It also gives rise to a temptation for the host nation of Panama to assume the situation and use it there might not be an advantage to them to cut their link with the outside powers, and one form of answer to deny the Canal to the Western world.

Mackenzie: Are you preferring a greater U.S. naval presence in the Caribbean?

Trotter: That's right. Our forces are restricted to NATO, but there is no question that we will address and eliminate any threat to our security in the Caribbean. There is also no question that we can prevail. ☐

Top marks for the little schoolhouse

By Warren Gerned

Taking the turnoff from Ontario Highway 144 to Ramsey, almost halfway between Sudbury and Timmins, is like stepping into any one of a thousand paintings of the wooded north country. The view of endless stands of yew pine and poplar, and the occasional black lake, is a still and brooding landscape. It is about this distance 45 km from the turnoff and 190 km northwest of Sudbury, that the children of Mill Forest Public School write and performed a Christmas play.

The three was simple and each one of the 35 pupils at the one-room school, aged 5 to 14, played a part. The play told the story of a Good Samaritan who, on his way home, saw a Christmas Eve, kept bumping into people in distress as the icy, snow-covered road to Ramsey. The Good Samaritan, true to tradition, helped his neighbours, and all arrived home late, but in time for a joyous Christmas. The play was local theatre at its best. The small audience loved it because it's not an unusual occurrence on the road to Ramsey.

There's little else in Ramsey (population 180) but a strong sense of community—this and hard work. It's a seeping village—side from cutting and hauling about 10,000 jack pine trees, two shifts, 24 hours a day, weather permitting, there's not much else to do but work. In winter, there's music, porridge, duck and goose hunting, and ice fishing in the shallow lakes. There are two TV stations, one out of Timmins, the other from Sudbury, and sometimes the reception is good, but more often than not it is as snowy as a winter storm. There's a bar, a fair amount of drinking, caring, a poorly maintained outside hockey rink for the kids and the bunkhouse, which accommodates up to 150 men, each paying \$175 a day, including food. Most are fairly new men who commute long distances on the weekends. One commutes to Ottawa about 1,400 km round trip. The dawn or so men who

took their families to settle in Ramsey live in small company-owned frame houses or in their own trailers. There's no store, so those living in Ramsey shop about once a month in Chapleau, 130 km northwest, or in Sudbury. The main hub of activity in the community is the one-room school, modern in design with pine-board ceilings, where the recreation committee and the board of education meet, where the lady assistant is held and where Ray Meadows spends a good deal of his time teaching.

Ray and Doris Meadows and class: the school is the community



'A scent brown-and-white bird chirps while a graceful hawk sweeps around in the treetops. The fresh air scents, all around me, eases me into a trance. The delightful sound of trickling water rings in my ears—and now spring is here.'

—Darin Fabre, Grade 8

Meadows and the school at Ramsey are something of the disappearing past in Ontario. In 1990, there were 76 one-room schools in the province, but an school board, consolidated, and only went up, the one-room school is a thing of the past. Mill Forest is one of only nine left in Ontario. Ramsey's school, with 16 pupils, is safe for the time being, but should eventually fall below even for two consecutive years, it too would get the axe. If that happens, it would be the end of Ramsey as a community, for the school is the community.

Meadows, a stocky, tough-looking 30-year-old, wears tallow-mash for Ramsey. He hasn't taken a day off in a four-wheel pickup truck, organizes, works in the community and goes to parties, but at the same time he maintains a discipline. In a way he is a servant of the community, not just a teacher, and he has to be careful not to ruffle feathers. "You have to be very diplomatic," he says. "Does you any schooling to someone it gets around in a hurry. So you watch what you say."

He is quite unlike the city teacher who disappears into the rank hour after the last bell has sounded. When school is over, Meadows walks down a school hill to the

trailer he rents (it's a subdivided rate) from the ministry of education, and he's home, within shouting distance of the school, and still very much the teacher in the eyes of the community. "As long as he teaches the children and keeps them in line, his time is his own," says Helen Haines, the four-year-old son of Jeffrey, a kindergarten pupil. "But in a small community it's bad in some ways because certain people will pick it up if he does something they don't approve of, you know, a couple of drinks too many or something like that. A teacher is pretty high up."

Few teachers last in the one-room school. It's a lonely existence, always under the watching eye of the community, and there's very little professional contact with colleagues. Meadows, who costs \$22,000 a year, including \$1,800 tuition pay, at least saves more than

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his city counterparts, simply because there's nowhere to spend it in Ramsey. But it's nothing new to Meadows. He's on his third one-room school in four years, and although he eventually wants to settle down and teach in North Bay, he has been unable to get there so far because of the shortage of jobs for teachers. Meanwhile, he's content.

The children of Ramsey are quite different from city kids. They are freer, more open and less sophisticated. "It's a little different life than in the city," explains Bob Boyce, a mechanic for the logging operation. "Up here you don't have to watch out for all the bad guys like you do down in the city." His wife, Helen, agrees. "We have more time for our children—they don't have so many outside interests and they are with us all the time."

The classroom is like any other, bright and cheerful. The wall at the back is covered with the kids' artwork of jack pine trees, smiling suns and various animals. Unlike the artwork of city kids, there are no paintings of monsters or spaceships—they don't seem to have penetrated Ramsey yet. Just as rock music hasn't. The kids, like their parents, prefer country and western. And there seems to be a greater camaraderie between the kids. The older kids look after the younger ones. It is a built-in automatic help-sitting service that comes with living in Ramsey. It even extends to the classroom—on one session, when Meadows left the classroom, the kids started clapping and laughing. "Glad, everybody," and Doris Fahrner, a 14-year-old and the only Grade 8 pupil in the school, "kept clapping." And they did.

The school day starts punctually at 9 a.m. with the Lord's Prayer. After that, still standing at their desks, the younger ones at the front, the kids face the flag while Meadows plays a scratchy recording of O Canada. There are no uniforms from the kids. If there were, Meadows would dress them down. The class consists of grades ranging from kindergarten to Grade 8—and all of the kids, whether or not they are in the same grade, are making progress at different rates. When the school day is over it's not unusual for the kids to go for a hike in the forest and collect wild flowers. Hunting and fishing with their fathers is a special treat. "City kids out here would find it just unbelievably boring." The kids have made their own "recreationist," Meadows explains.

The kids at Ramsey receive more attention from Meadows and his wife, Donna, a teacher's aide who ex-works weeks as a nurse in a Sudbury hospital, than do pupils in larger schools. It isn't unusual for Meadows to take a nap on his teacher desk. It may be the kinder-



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Nutrition Division
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Lyke, father Bud, and Darin Fabner: tendency to be a little hokey



gotten kids looking for nukes and I remember, someone who wants to show off a new pet rabbit or a kid who needs extra tutoring. Meadows still seems to be a distance. "I'm their friend," he says, "but I'm their teacher first."

Meadow's biggest concern with regard to pupils is their future. This fall,

for instance, Bud Fabner, a head foreman and chairman of the board of education, will have to take his son Darin to Thousand Islands in June somewhere in the while he attends school. For every day Darin goes to school the school board contributes \$10 toward his room, board and travel, but it's

not the same as being at home. "It's hard on them at first," says Fabner, who has two other children who are doing the same thing. "Like most of the kids from up here they have a tendency to be a little hokey." Meadows is positively gleeful when he talks about the choices of his graduates, and especially about Darin whom he considers to be a gifted student. "I'd say that between 80 and 85 per cent of the kids from Mt. Forest never make it through high school. And you can't do anything without a Grade 12 education these days. It worries me when I wonder how these kids are going to make it on their own at such a young age away from home." The parents are more idealistic. "It's a gift," says Helen Buzik. "It's just like your child has gone out to work. Some of them adjust, others don't. You do your best."

But at the end of the school year, with a summer of swimming and fishing ahead and an arts-and-crafts program at the school three days a week, Darin hasn't started to worry yet. "I don't want to leave home, but I guess I'll have someone my own age to hang around with when I go to school in the city... and I'll be able to play hockey. I hope I'll be good enough to make the 60s." And if he isn't? "I don't know. Sometimes I lie in bed at night thinking about that."

FOLLOW-UP

If the dead could speak

On a frigid night in January, 1979, Morris Moore, 31-year-old mystic, author of *Seven Books on Yoga, Astrology and Regression* to previous lifetimes, vanished from the face of the earth (Moore's, April 8, 1979). Not a trace could be found. All her belongings, including warm slippers, were in their usual places in her home in Alderwood Manor, Wash., just north of Vancouver. A little by bloodhounds and houndstoppers of a nearby forest where she liked to walk and water searches yielded nothing. Her husband, Dr. Howard Altman, an acupuncturist, was convinced that despite one of the scientific drug Karamine had examined her late mistress. Mystics suggested she had reached such a high state of consciousness that she dematerialized. It is now clear that her fate was far more gruesome, though the details are as lost as a mystery. Two months ago her skull was found, strangely enough in the forest that was so well scoured two years before.

Rockingham County detectives, as befitted an enigma, still can't establish if she died from exposure or foul play. Her husband, initially a prime suspect himself until he passed a lie detector test, now accepts the theory of death from exposure. For 18 months after her death he searched and mused in a heroic scale, even taking Karamine in an attempt to reach her telepathically. Detectives went along with every clue he supplied, however bizarre. At one point, they gathered at an abandoned farm and crawled through grease traps, chicken coops and cesspools. Dr. Altman carried a sledge and adrenaline to revive her. He tried, unsuccessfully, to carry on his wife's work, but subsequently returned to medicine. Although Moore was the daughter of the multi-millionaire founder of the Sheraton hotel chain, she walked away from several fortunes in marriages, real estate and settlements from three marriages, and left little inheritance. Says Dr. Altman abruptly: "It's all in the past. I have a new life now."

Moore's brother, Robin Moore, author of *The Green River* and *The French Connection*, is less inclined to forget. Detectives favor the possibility that animals dragged her far off from her body, but Moore sees the separated head as the work of a satanic cult which ceremoniously beheads its human sacrifices. Says Moore emphatically: "I don't be-

lieve my sister died a natural death." Moore has enlisted the support of Hans Holzer, a parapsychologist and author of *Murder in Astrology*, who intends to "psychometrist" Moore's personal belongings. The theory of psychometry, which Holzer pioneered in 1967, is that personal artifacts have, and give, memory clues which could contain important clues. Says Holzer: "I've been called in on murder cases before and know that by and large police departments have no imagination. They are advocates of a paper cult: involvement. Having known Moore, and her somewhat un-

critical involvement with people, there may be something to it."

Other friends are highly skeptical. Says Doug Brown, who runs Phoenix Metaphysical Books in Surrey, B.C.: "Statistically it's 99.9 per cent Hollywood. People into mysticism are using it as a tool for understanding, not murder. There's a possibility that some woman murdered Moore, but I'm sure it isn't witchcraft." At this stage, perhaps only the dead woman can ever reveal the truth. Those who knew Moore know that if it's possible she will.

—EVE ROCKEY

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The high cost of money

By Anthony Whittingham

Robert Martin is the only full-time breeder of standardbred horses in Nova Scotia. When he took over his father's 300-acre horse farm in Berthington, N.S., in the mid-'70s, he thought he had it made. But there are debts incurred in running a farm. The profit he makes from selling stallions should be enough to run the farm profitably, but right now it's not enough to cover the interest payments on what he has had to borrow. Last year, interest payments alone amounted to \$38,000. As rates climbed, he had to start selling his breeding stock—his stable dropped from 57 horses to 17—and then he let the help go. Today the farm is up for sale. "There's just no way out," he says. "Farmers can't live with interest rates of 58 1/2 per cent."

Across the country, in the Fraser Valley at Aldergrove, B.C., Jack Reiss has raised hops for 15 years on four farm parcels. With his lease burden this year he is selling his hops at 60 cents a pound but needs 80 cents to break even. Financing costs have become impossible. He has sold two of his parcels and is trying to hang on to the other one.

Bill Stewart of Winnipeg is just getting back on his feet after a bankruptcy. Last year's surge in interest rates—from 11 to 35 per cent—piled on an extra \$35,000 in payments. It broke the back of his sheep-skinning firm, Western Skins Services Ltd. of Winnipeg, with its seven branches.

Donald Christian hasn't gone under yet, but his company, Perkins Papers Ltd., a small manufacturer of Christmas gift wrapping in Oakville, Ont., is being chided by the high cost of carrying inventory—at about \$150,000 more than expected this year, a big bite into profits. He wonders, will the company survive?

There are just a few of the wounded—

casualties in a larger struggle over which they have no control—suffering from the effects of high interest rates, the grimy and exhausting trench warfare that may well sap the strength of the Canadian economy long into the 1980s.

Last week, after nine consecutive weekly increases that pushed interest rates far beyond levels ever before experienced in Canada, the central bank rate eased off. The 0.25-per-cent drop to 53 1/2

Cooling down the economy carries a high price



Martin at his farm: the wounds of casualties in a single struggle

was not enough, however, to cause a corresponding relaxation in the punishing prime rate charged by the chartered banks. Nor was it seen as a sign that the worst is over. In fact, Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Bony went out of his way to stress that high rates will continue throughout the summer. Most economists believe they will go higher still this year and into 1982 before there is any hope of a long-term change. That makes the money squeeze even harder to bear in the uncertainty that surrounds it. Not only is there a wide disparity of opinions as to where rates are going—a volatility at least as disruptive as the high rates themselves—but there is also a deep division among economists and policy-makers as to whether high interest rates

should be in place at all.

The high cost of money—the consequences of a worldwide effort to bring inflation-ridden economies back under control—carries a heavy price in Canada, where rates have gone stepped upward from 10 1/4 per cent to 54 1/2 per cent in a mere 10 months, the effect on consumers and businesses has been swift and terrible. Bankruptcies and other business failures in 1981 have increased by at least 30 per cent over

last year. Hundreds of homeowners have been forced to sell at carrying costs because prohibitive Canadians with mortgages due this year face sky-high rates of 38 or 39 per cent. By one preliminary estimate, higher mortgage rates this year will cost about \$800 million. Now into increased payments. Traditional financial markets are in disarray. Stock market activity has slumped, while the bond market—a key element in the financing of long-term capital spending—has dropped from 45 per cent of all lending 10 years ago to less than five per cent today.

Depression, however, breeds a kind of manic euphoria. Just as serious are the excesses on the other side—panic buying spree that have caused housing markets across the country (especially in Vancouver and Toronto) to explode, then collapse, borrowing brings that saw consumer debt surge last year by \$4.2 billion and an increase in credit of more than 12 per cent. The very policies of the Bank of Canada aimed at persuading Canadians to postpone purchases, to force the economy to cool off, are being widely misinterpreted as a frantic lashing to do the opposite. Incredibly, it is a few from the federal government is helping to fan a Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp. TV ad campaign: "If you want a house, buy now!" It is this panic factor as much as anything else that makes the current period of inflation and high interest rates different from any other Canada has



Gordon (left), Winnipeg's Pelegians with abandoned model plane

supplement, says Toronto economist Peter Martin. "Inflationary expectations have become entrenched. They're feeding on themselves. This time no one believes they're going to come down."

Meanwhile, the economic fight among themselves. No less horrified than a patient on an operating table fading under the anaesthetic while the doctors argue over where to apply the knife, Canadians last week suffered the demoralizing impact of hearing two respected economists give the totally opposite advice. The only way out of our economic mess, cautioned Michael Walker, director of Vancouver's Fraser Institute think tank, is to support the Bank of Canada's policies and keep interest rates high. It will hurt but it will work. Not so, warned Walter Gordon, former finance minister and chairman of the equally influential Canadian Institute for Economic Policy. Unless interest rates are lowered immediately,

he stated in an open letter to the federal government, the health of the Canadian economy may be doomed. Faced with this kind of contradictory advice, the federal government on far has provided so few directions (see box, page 19).

If there is a common thread linking together all the remedies of the Western world it is inflation—a kind of infectious malady draining away economic wealth and growth, often as fast as they can be produced. Different countries may have added, special, economic disorders—government deficits, trade imbalances, inadequate private investment—but inflation, to one degree or another, is a problem everywhere. It has different appetites—from a modest six per cent in Switzerland, a bawling 12.6 per cent in Canada, to a ravenous 103 per cent in Israel. It attacks without favour to any political

and economic system—ranging from socialist democracies such as Israel to military dictatorships such as Brazil, where inflation is running at 115 per cent. "Inflation has nothing to do with a given social structure," says Walker of the Fraser Institute. "It has crept into every society over the centuries."

What used to be accomplished in fiery oracles by debating the source is now a simple exercise for central banks, which enrich or choke off the growth of money supply by computerized credit transactions. What most economists now agree is that the primary cause of the current cycle of inflation—too much demand, or money, chasing too few goods—began in most Western countries during the early-1970s with rapid increases in money supply pumped out at the behest of governments glowing with growth and expansion. It is Can-

ada, the period between 1970 and 1975, that is the darling of the money supply to finance a massive expansion of public investment, particularly an expanded government and social services structure. The same central bank blunders in the U.S. during the period financed the Vietnam War and President Lyndon B. Johnson's Great Society. In Israel, it paid for the Yom Kippur War, in Britain, the progressive build-out of ailing industries. In retrospect, Governor Bovey mused last week, it was perhaps greed of the Bank of Canada to loosen the purse strings so much during those years. There were other factors as well—the "oil crisis" of 1973 and 1974 which began the catastrophic transfer of wealth to the OECD cartel, the Great Grain Robbery of 1972 which saw some grain-related food prices triple—but it

is Bovey's concern that is now central to Canada's concerns in the response, and the counter-response—to Canada's current attempts at solving the problem and bankrolling inflation: muzzling the cost of money through high interest rates. No matter how the monetarists gain grip in the inner circles of government,

it is Bovey's concern that is now central to Canada's concerns in the response, and the counter-response—to Canada's current attempts at solving the problem and bankrolling inflation: muzzling the cost of money through high interest rates. No matter how the monetarists gain grip in the inner circles of government,

A matter of tone

When Ian Stewart—a dapper, sandy-haired bureaucrat who wears tinted-rimmed and large eyeglasses—speaks, Canadians are well-advised to listen. Stewart is deputy minister of finance, one of the most powerful mandarins in Ottawa, and largely preoccupied these days with charting a way out of our current economic tangle. Like his boss, Finance Minister Allan Rock, Stewart is careful to the point of obscurity in his public pronouncements. In a rare appearance before a Senate committee on national finance in Ottawa last week, it wasn't what the middle mandarin said that mattered so much as the seriousness of his tone. While he made it clear official Ottawa has finally got the message—Canadians are grouchy about the economy and getting groucher—he was in no mood to promise big giveaways or easy rates.

In fact, the Ottawa brain trust has come up embarrassingly short of remedies for our continuing inflation. Most of the ideas Stewart and the senators tossed around last week were retractions from the "do this, only such person" —a last-bidder remedy policy (TIPS)—is untested and, as MacBeech admitted in the Commons, fraught with practical difficulties. TIPS is a form of wage controls by which governments impose positive competition throughout the system for awarding high wage increases. Ultimately, TIPS is supposed to dampen wage demands, slow growth and keep

prices from climbing—but no one can guarantee how long it will be proven to stalling, if they do it all. Although the finance department is looking "very hard" at TIPS, Stewart admits he has his doubts: "If anti-inflation policy is to be a success, one has to convince people the burden is being borne equitably."

In fact, credibility is the key to whatever anti-inflationary measures the Liberals introduce in their fall budget. Stewart told the Senate committee the government has to turn "the magical trick" of "reversing a faith, a consensus" that every segment of society will bear the burden of restraint equally, and that we will all be better off because of it. So far, fallout from the one concrete policy the government has been pursuing—the Bank of Canada's high interest rates—has not been evenly distributed. Very Democratic critic Bob Rae referred in the Commons



Stewart (left) with MacBeech. Canadians are getting groucher

last week to the "900,000 unemployed soldiers in the trench war in inflation."

But the criticism—subtle and hysterical—appears to be falling on disbelieving ears. MacBeech has said repeatedly he simply doesn't believe people are being driven out of their homes or their businesses in droves by high interest rates. As one of his advisers commented last week, "A lot of people are not going to find it easy, but they are going to go through it." This could explain why, at the same time that Stewart and his busy bureaucrats are reminding their depleted wives for economic cuts, a certain calm has fallen over MacBeech's office. One popular theory goes that MacBeech believes he has not an economic but a political crisis on his hands—and the wily old Cape Bretoner is widely regarded as the swiftest political operator in town.

Stewart, who helped shape Western reparations policies after the Second World War, then those single-handedly. (Winnipeg's 1970 and 1971, Southwestern John Wynnard Keynote became renowned for arguing that governments could regulate the economy and reduce unemployment through open programs.)

Vancouver houses for sale in a soft market; Montreal bank pays out



Banks on the run

Long the icons of pin-striped, trustworthiness, Canada's major banks now find themselves as unfavored as oil companies were during major price hikes last week, as the public shifted out up to 22.5-per-cent interest on consumer loans, the banks had the delicate public relations task of releasing their second-quarter profits.

spread—the difference between what they pay on non-demand savings deposits and the prime rate—from the traditional 3.5 per cent through the 1970s to more than 4.5 per cent this year.

The banks gamely pointed out that, as handfuls of money governed by loss

Prize: delicate public relations



Photo by AP/Wide World

Desperation breeds a kind of manic euphoria

drastic method of cutting back the money supply—mathematics to politicians and middle-class consumers—in under attack.

The question for consumers may be whether monetarism is too harsh a cure. Canadians such as John Smith of Halifax, whose small company, Genco Ltd., is reeling under the burden of high interest rates, or Rose and Oscar Peterson of Winnipeg, whose long-held plan for a \$1-million expansion of their Atlantic Metal has been shelved indefinitely. For many economists, however, the question is whether monetarism is a cure at all. Increasingly, the debate both here and elsewhere, especially in Britain and the U.S., is now focusing on the apparent failure of monetarism to do more than bring inflation under control. Most often cited in Britain, where Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's program of money restriction has been gradually slow to allow results other than economic hardship and unemployment. Coming a keen eye trained on Britain's experiment, the U.S. too has committed itself to a path of firm monetarism under President Reagan, with the aid of Governor Ross's U.S. counterpart, Paul Volcker, chairman of the Federal Reserve central bank. Even though frequent statistics released last week showed a sudden and surprising drop in U.S. consumer price inflation to a projected annual rate of under 10 per cent, most U.S. economists believe monetarism by itself is not enough to solve the problem.

What the ongoing world economic crisis has spawned is a growing awareness of the complexity of factors influencing economic behaviour—and a corresponding variety of proposed solutions. It has also spawned, particularly in the U.S., new philosophical approaches in evaluating social and economic structures aimed at "putting the country right," beginning with the ancient Greek "happy city" and the modern advanced along with its roots by bright young thinkers such as Arthur Laffer. Many economists now believe the mechanisms and incentives should be placed on as stimulating growth by clamping down on money or on stimulating demand, in the Keynesian tradition, or on lowering and improving the supply of goods. Cautious to demand, they argue, has become analogous to inflation, to economic and moral vampirism. In his influential new book, *Wealth and Poverty*, economic commentator George Galloway goes to the very heart of the "public opinion," who live always in the past, demand-oriented business rarely create new goods. Without a



Boesky (left), Toronto broker's being hit last week's prime rate by Houston



Stew and his bankrupted shopping store

flow of new products, the marketplace can be filled with stale items, peddled with ever greater efficiency, continually redesigned in trivial ways, repackaged in lighter colors, and marketed with a more expensive and harder sell [Brennan]. demand-oriented politics ends in promoting unemployment and dependency and creating a less open and accessible economy and a more stratified and hierarchical political order. Government bureaucracy proliferates to furnish the services that overtaken business can no longer provide. As bureaucracy grows, industrial progress declines.

The key question may be whether a period of sustained high interest rates could itself have this kind of effect on an economy such as Canada's or that of the U.S.—that is, death, or at least atrophy, by slow strangulation. Perhaps the



early results of extreme monetarism—the bankruptcies, foreclosures, deferred investments—are only the early harbingers of an even more devastating impact on the economy yet to come. "We really don't know," says Walker of the Fraser Institute. "We've never before had this particular combination of economic circumstances. What should happen is that inflationary expectations will be broken and the cycle will reverse."

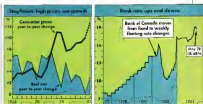
What's already clear is that most of society is scrambling to find ways of adjusting both to inflation and to high interest rates, at least in the short term. Fearing a sustained erosion of security, many individuals have found new avenues of investment and savings (see box, page 11). Businesses and companies have had to seek out alternative means of financing both investment and expansion, more often resorting to short-term money markets or equity financing (turning of new stock) as traditional long-term bond markets have wilted under the onslaught of interest rate uncertainty. The combined play of interest rates and inflation has created a major shift in corporate growth priorities, not only facilitating but almost necessitating the new wave of take-over activity at the expense of new, original investments.

Flowing out of the profound social and economic changes that have occurred since the Second World War, the new economic order of the '80s will have to reconcile the huge expectations of the professional and middle classes with structures that may not be capable of supporting them. These structures will evolve, but it is the expectations that will likely have to change first.

These are truths of Canada as a trading nation. One-third of Canada's output is exported while a slightly higher proportion of the country's expenditures go toward imports. The exchange rate of the Canadian dollar in world currencies thus affects prices at home. A one-cent rise (or drop) against the value of the U.S. dollar, for example, adds enough to the cost of imports to boost the Consumer Price Index by 0.3 per cent. Correspondingly, a sharp rise in the dollar will inhibit exports. To make matters worse, Canada has a balance-of-payments deficit. It spends more in the world than it earns. Thus tied to the world economy, Canada, in particular linked with the economy of the U.S. if the U.S. tightens its money supply and raises interest rates, it's a peril. If it doesn't follow suit, its currency is endangered because investment will flow to the U.S.

Canada is also a nation of savers. In the first quarter of 1980, for example, the savings rate in Canada was 30.5 per cent of personal disposable income—well ahead of the poor savings record in that five per cent in the U.S. There is, in other words, money in Canada to finance most—maybe 70 per cent—of the nation's borrowing needs.

More statistics will reveal the vast and complex interplay of factors affect-



ing the overall complexion and health of the economy. "It's an extraordinary mechanism," observes Toronto economist John Gies of Dominion Securities Ltd., "and it requires many devices to keep it running. One thing that's clear is that inflation could bring it all to a halt."

Canadians live well—far better for a small population spread over a giant land mass than the conventional market forces of capitalist supply and demand could ever have predicted. That's the impact of sharing in the economy of the U.S. But new bail-out countries are overextended. Like a household in debt

which must cut back to survive—confidence that society will bring about recovery—Canada may have to turn to self-discipline as the only and best cure.

Part of that cure will also continue to include the high cost of money as a disincentive to spend. It may have to be even stronger—a return to wage and price controls or some form of tax-based tax increases policy. For all its riches, Canada is yet too undeveloped to thumb its nose at the worldwide economic struggle. It's happening here too.

With data from Angus Reid, Peter Gougeon, and Paul Drapeau

Untrimmed hedges

There is nothing, according to these days about investment counselors who say the best way to make money is to have money. High interest rates and soaring inflation require new approaches to investment. Appreciating assets such as real estate, art and antiques are definitely in. Last week, a Lawson Harris portfolio worth \$25,000 in 1971 attracted a \$240,000 action price. Even with the dollar worth just 45 cents of its 1971 value and the cliff capital gains tax that's still a 14% profit for the former owner, investors are unable to meet revised mortgage payments may have as much to do with it. But if you can afford the mortgage, the money adorns itself as "big."

Dollar-eaters are popular—inflation has fueled property acquisitions by reducing the net price of acquisitions (Macdonald, April 28) Should the West Group offer for TransAlta Utilities succeed, for instance, inflated currency from new assets would quadruple in 12 years and cover the 30-per-cent annual debt load in a much shorter period.

Quick-spending outlets such as restaurants are proving a good investment as the cost of borrowing goes up. Last year, Canadian restaurants increased receipts about 16 per cent, or \$1.7 bil-

lion. This year David Harris, the communications director for the Canadian Restaurant and Food Services Association, says restaurants expect consumers to delay major purchases and spend more on dining. The rationale? Instead of paying \$2,000 annual interest on a \$400,000 loan, they would better value in dining out 40 more times a year at \$50 a crack.

Even savouries—the haves of savoury Canadians—are a good bet. Real gains on non-chopping savings deposits can be had as the 10 1/2 per cent rate outstrips 15.6 per cent inflation. Better returns come from 18-per-cent

term deposits continually reinvested. There's a caution though: anything over \$1,000 is yearly interest—about \$7,000 in savings—taxed at 30 per cent, after inflation.

Finally, there's a back to be had from reinvesting on your income tax payments. With Revenue Canada's generosity, the 12-per-cent penalty on late income tax payments, a gain of seven per cent can be made by the self-employed who choose not to prepay taxes quarterly and instead roll their money over in 18-per-cent terms deposits. Even in troubled times those who play the labyrinths can win.

—DAVID GATNER





Radiochemical workers in Canada, Algerian-built Canada plant, the latest in a byproduct series of bombs and bombs

CANADA

With a little help among friends

The uranium cartel was all hush-hush. Or so it was supposed to be

By Ian Anderson

In a posh hotel suite in Paris and Johannesburg, in the boardroom of Ottawa's department of energy, mines and resources and, ultimately, around the cabinet table, Canadian politicians and bureaucrats glared together a shoddy uranium price-fixing cartel with four other nations in 1973. Under Canadian law the cartel was legal, so long as it operated outside the country. Ottawa deemed it necessary in order to protect the mining towns of Elliot Lake, Ont., and Timmins City, Sask., where the boom of a decade earlier had turned ghostly after the United States froze uranium imports—making off 70 per cent of the world market. But did the Prime Trudeau government really set entirely legal? Under that shadow, several top civil servants and politicians saw a lot as Justice Minister Jean Chrétien studied evidence prepared by the government's own bureau of competition policy, whose director, Robert Bertrand, studied the affair for four years before being unexpectedly moved from his post three weeks ago. By demanding the evidence to Chrétien, the director has concluded there is reason

to believe violations of the Competition Investigation Act have taken place. It is up to Chrétien to decide who, if anyone, should be charged—even though it is his own government that is under suspicion. This is just the latest in a Byzantine series of twists and turns in the cartel story, where the intrigue has been heightened by billion-dollar lawsuits, an unprecedented poisoning scare and the fear at one time that Canadian politicians and bureaucrats might be served with grand jury subpoenas should they ever enter the United States.

Uranium prices skyrocketed to more than \$40 (U.S.) a pound from about \$2 while the cartel operated between 1973 and 1985. The U.S. grand jury could not prove the cartel was to blame for the soaring prices, but established that the cartel did act to "stabilize" the uranium industry by establishing a floor price for the radioactive yellow metal. The draft was done behind closed government press releases and even such as the 1972 letter to a director of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission which began with "Dear Abe" and casually let it be known that "Canada took the initiative in calling a meeting on February 2

in Paris of government officials from Australia, France, South Africa and Canada, to explore all facets of present uranium market problems." It was their mutual understanding that the cartel would not extend to member countries or to the U.S. But Ontario Hydro, by far Canada's largest uranium consumer, was not informed, instead learning details first in a January 1975 article in *Forbes* magazine, entitled *IT WONDED FOR THE AGENTS*. Previously there had been "offices references" to the cartel from Ottawa, says Alex McEachern, the utility's supervising contracts officer for uranium. As far as Ontario Hydro was concerned, the Ottawa bureaucrats had their heads in the sand if they thought the cartel's influence could not be felt in Canada. "There was a real thing as an identifiable Canadian price that was separate from the price in the rest of the Western world," McEachern maintained last week.

In the early 1970s, uranium prices had slipped to around \$6 a pound in the wake of a 1966 explosion by Washington to protect domestic producers by halting imports while it sold off its huge uranium stockpile at the rate of 7,500

tons a year—twice the level of Canadian production. Ottawa gleefully sold and mined, with no effect. Canadian exports fell to \$55 million in 1969 from \$300 million a decade earlier, and Canada took the lead in forming the cartel. Under the direction of Donald MacDonald, then energy minister and now a potential Trudeau successor, the episode was done by his deputy minister, Jack Austin (a former Trudeau aide and now a senator), and by the government's leading uranium experts, John Ramallo (now retired and teaching at the University of Toronto). The trio also roped in the principal Canadian companies Denison, Noranda, Eldo Algon and Staff Minerals, a subsidiary of Gulf Harp of Pittsburgh, Pa. "We were

had used patented uranium supplies to promote the sale of its reactors. But it didn't have supplies to meet its obligations. The senior uranium price minister taking a possible \$5-billion bath in oil sales, and in early September, 1975, Washington announced it could not sell contracts for 40,000 tons of uranium. Uranium hit \$40 a pound. On Sept. 22, the Trudeau cabinet imposed its gag order on all cartel-related information. The cartel was henceforth unreported and, the next summer, details of the pricing arrangements leaked out through Australia. The U.S. justice department convened a grand jury to see if there was enough evidence to lay conspiracy charges under its anti-trust legislation. Already leaked in America,

and far off. Bertrand's investigations went a bit further, using documents from the Canadian companies and, in a highly unusual move, "riding" the energy department office. With the slowdown of nuclear development in the U.S., uranium prices have fallen to \$25 a pound. Nearly all the major lawsuits have been settled out of court. Better times, higher sales. American attempts to expand its share to other countries, and all five have passed stiff protective legislation. The Canadian members were Canadian laws indeed violated—either by the government itself or by companies acting under government orders or using government mechanisms in their own profit? No matter what the outcome,



dragged in," maintains Paul Sheridan, special assistant to Gelf's chairman, Jerry McEachern. An special counsel Gelf retained Willard Riley, now a Supreme Court of Canada judge, whose advice to the corporation was succinct: protect yourselves by involving the bureaucracy as much as possible—and keep working in writing. With Macdonald's blessing, the cartel stipulated Canada would have previously 33.5 per cent of the market through to 1977. Within Canada, each of the companies was given a specific export quota. Prices and bidding arrangements were spelled out for several years here.

Events overtook their well-laid plans. With the onset of exchange of October, 1973, uranium prices jumped to \$20 from \$4 by year's end, as nervous officials scrambled for assured revenue. The four prices were never cited, leading Sheridan to describe the cartel as "the most ineffective organization known to man. By the time it got going they didn't need it anymore." Then came the Washington debacle. The giant American electrical product manufacturer



Bertrand, Macdonald, Riley, 'waggle' it

Westinghouse sued Gelf and 26 other suppliers for damages, alleging the cartel had driven up prices illegally. U.S. courts demanded that cartel companies produce documents to prove they were forced into the arrangement by their home governments. Gelf argued it would leave to, but that Canadian law prevented it from removing from the vaults in the Toronto-Dominion Bank some 40,000 pages of cartel documents. Under pressure in Ottawa, the cabinet released details of the floor pricing arrangements. It was the first Ontario Hydro had ever heard of them.

In the U.S., surviving members that Elliot had suggested be destroyed totally proved embarrassing to Canada. In one, Austin was quoted by *U.S. News* as insisting to keep Ottawa's role as vague as possible in order to avoid "the hazards of the Combines Act." And Ramallo, then as executive with Uranium Canada, a Crown corporation, was quoted as saying the purpose of the cartel was to eliminate anti-competitive "con-



Wells, John, William Leather and John (left) have been

National

Shekels for the fiery furnaces

It was a last-minute addition when the National Energy Program was hastily assembled in Ottawa last fall, rushed so quickly from concept to promise that no one, bureaucrats or politicians, could say how it would work. There would be money to switch off oil refineries, but until last week details were vague. Now, after Energy Minister Marc Lalonde's long-awaited manifes-

to, furnaces may become as reliable as co-sleepers/warmers as the weather and real estate. The latest weapon in the energy wars, the Canada Oil Substitution Program (1989), is loaded with taxable grants of up to \$800 to reduce Canada's household gas use the best to basement oil-guzzlers over the next 10 years.

Cost of this get-off-oil freebie is pegged at \$1.4 billion through 1993, and after that it's anybody's guess. Nevertheless, Benoit Duchard, director of the gas and electric conversion part of the new paper empire, echoes government chants when he says that "in terms of the cost of importing oil, it makes a lot of sense to go to gas." Conservative energy critic Michael Whelan doesn't dispute the objective, but he does wonder why the government is courting the consumer with financial goodies when about 100,000 Canadian households voluntarily made the switch from oil to gas or electricity last year. "I asked Lalonde why it was necessary to have an \$800 grant, but I didn't get an answer." Too few conversions—and too late—says Orchard, who hopes to process more than two million switchovers by 1993, the majority of them in Ontario, Quebec and British Columbia.

For those planning to convert to wood, propane or solar heating systems, 12 new regional bureaucracies—conservation and renewable energy offices—have been created to dispense guidance to the homeowners. But Ontario Director Bill Twiss admits that the federal grants, along with upcoming Ontario



Lalonde and furnaces (gas replacement, left, for oil use) conversion-warmers



incentives to entice consumers to switch to electricity, are leaving people "very confused," but says that's okay by him: "It's the you're being paid by the government to educate yourself."

Those seeking such grants will have their applications processed by the Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp.—those wonderful people who brought you more formidable potting courtesy of CMHC, the Canadian Home Insu-

lation Program Corp., with its deadly application loopholes, turned into every one man's dream to quickly shut down officials say more than 50 instant insulation companies are now either charged or are under investigation—and they represent only "the tip of an iceberg." Considerable David Stupfeld, who started what is now known as the CMHC unit—a full-time forum team hunting down CMHC cheaters—looks on CMHC with equally jaded eyes: "I have my suspicions. Anything that the government provides in the form of a grant hides the criminal element to try and take advantage of it." Whether or not the CMHC and its CMHC unit will be forced, by public demand, to debut a new spin-off for the fall season—the CMHC squad—remains to be seen.

—VICTOR PABST

Blinkers for an eye in the sky

"You bet I've had better weeks," belatedly CMHC President Al Johnson admitted. First off, he had to defend his upstart vision of broadcasting as a springing force in Canada before the parliamentary committee on communications and culture, an experience he found discouraging. "Certain parts of the committee hearings were quite odd, quite naive. You get around a little bit." Meanwhile, in Quebec, the Mother Corp.'s journalists celebrated the start of their eighth month on strike, while plotting technicians right across the country kept CMHC radio broadcasting only noise and truncated



HOW INDIVIDUALS OF BEM...
REJOINS WE CAN PUT IT TOWARDS
THE COST OF REMOVING THE
FORMERLY INDIAN FROM
BE 1989-90.

"Crew on the Sweet Success?"
You bet! There was no way we'd pass up the chance to sail from Vancouver through the Gulf Islands."

"Charting our course together"

"Our two days aboard the Sweet Success were breath-taking. So were the Gulf Islands. Safely secured back of the marina, we celebrated our adventure with a Canadian Club. C.C.'s just right. Its smooth, mellow taste has been a tradition for over 120 years. Canadian Club's 'The Best In The House', in 87 lands—and the Seven Seas too!"

Canadian Club
A taste of the world. The taste of home.

Stick on the band, it belongs to an old"

news, and CRTC filed more of its air time with reruns. To add final insult to injury, the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) recommended that Al Johnson's get respect. CRTC Television 2 should spend all its time rearing reruns.

Last Aug. 12, Johnson asked the CRTC for a licence to get in on the ground floor of satellite/cable broadcasting. The CRTC wanted two cable channels, one French, one English, which would present prime-time alternatives programming, 60 per cent of original programming and 40 per cent of original programming and 60 per cent of original programming. National Film Board reruns. But the federal cabinet refused Johnson's request for a \$30-million budget increase to get the additional CRTC networks off the ground. Johnson was committed enough to the plan



Johnson: only for the wind 700,000

Red faces in Alice Arm

It was an embarrassingly low point in corporate public relations for Wayne Lenten. The vice-president of Amos Canada had spent one morning last week assessing a scientific review panel that wastes from the company's huge pulp mill would not contaminate the waters of Alice Arm in northwestern British Columbia, where he got a phone call. On the other end of the line were officials who read him a telegram from Federal Fisheries Minis-

ters of mine waste a day after the latest news April 30. Under the terms of the permit granted the subsidiary of the multinational Amos Inc., wastes are supposed to stay 100 metres below the surface of the water. While the mine remained shut, testing the company \$200,000 a day, members of the sediment were collected for analysis.

"We had a good laugh about that," said Rod Holman, vice-president of the Nuxalo Tribal Council in the area, referring to Lenten's moment of red-faced confusion. The Nuxalos, who have fished in Alice Arm and other northern rivers for centuries, find little else about this mine funny. They contend that the

mine is so far in excess of federal regulations that a special cabinet order—should be required.

The sediment showed up when government and company experts tried each other wily at the hearings trying to establish how much of a threat to fish and human life the tailings represent. At week's end, Jack Littlepage, Amos's chief environmental consultant, was suggesting the government had overreacted, shutting down the mine on scanty information. Indeed, Environment Canada did lack of clarity, saying that while the plants in the water was caused by tailings, it was ecologically insignificant—but the data would

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Lenten at outfall pipe, Littlepage (right) and Environment Peter Walker at hearing: then back to the job for more data

ger Basilio LaFrance urging the temporary closing of the mine.

Lenten had little choice but to go along with the telegram, which had been prompted by the discovery of a mysterious plume of cloudy water 50 to 75 metres beneath the surface of the inlet. Federal government researchers weren't sure if the murky water was caused by mine tailings or just a heavy spring runoff from the surrounding mountains, but it was close to an outfall pipe that has been dumping 11,000

mine tailings—which include lead and highly toxic radium 226—will contaminate the creek and habitat they take from the inlet (Maclean's March 30) and have reported the hearings in Prince Rupert set up at these reports. What they wanted was a full public inquiry with the power to subpoena witnesses and hear testimony under oath. The Nuxalos weren't convinced on the reopening of the mine, which will dump 81 million tonnes of waste into the inlet during its 26 years of operation, a pro-

have to be studied more closely. Meanwhile, the Indians noted grudgingly that last month the outfall pipe became plugged up, dumping some tonnes of waste into nearby beaches. The federal government is not about to close the mine permanently, but it could force the company to extend the outfall pipe to a depth of 100 metres. That would cost \$200,000, a price Amos might be willing to pay to avoid future embarrassing incidents. Its staff and its shareholders, however, are not. —MALCOLM GALT



Whist, maybe it would fly on rumour?

Manitoba

Churchill fights on the beaches

Ever since 1920, when the first shipment of Prince grain moved west of Manitoba and continued northwest past an Hudson Bay, town boaters have been quick to complain that it gets less than a fair share of the business. Churchill, 1,100 km north of Winnipeg, views itself as victim of a conspiracy hatched by southern grain companies, railways and powerful port jobs. Both east and west. At it again last week was Chairman of Commerce President John Hruschak, declaring "They always have excuses for not using Churchill. We've listened to them for years."



Point grain ship at Churchill in Teller to Brecheville highlights a grey area

Churchill spokesmen were historically ready to be snubbed again when Senator Blaine Arpa, minister for the Canadian Wheat Board, announced the signing of a five-year \$1-billion grain loan to the Soviet Union and promptly demanded a 20 per cent share of the export pay. Factors lined against grain's short use in the past have included its poor three-month shipping season from late July to October, poor track beds at the Owen Sound Bay line, which will carry only light boats and not the new hopper cars, and allegedly higher costs of shipping—something the town strongly disputes. "If you talk me," says Hruschak, "they don't want to use our port because Canall and the other big grain companies all have their elevators and terminals in the east or west, while the one in Churchill is federally owned and they don't make money on it."

Cries of indignation have been post-poked by the wheat board, which claims it is the foreign grain buyers who specify the port of export. To test that contention the Chairman of Commerce fired a Teller off to Leerd Brecheville in Moscow last month, asking him to order more grain shipped via Churchill, since it's the closest port to many Soviet ports. Hruschak, the Soviet grain import agent, replied that it was an choice in the matter. But in fact it does, according to David Siderman of the wheat board. "There's no clause in the long-term agreement on exports which spells out port of exit. Individual shipping agreements are made on a flexible, casual basis, depending on where grain happens to be available and what transport the buyer has available. Price and location have to be mutually agreeable between buyer and seller." Canadian Ed Guent, executive director of the Port



Churchill Development Board. "It's a grey area. The board would do more, though, to encourage use of the port. Were the port to get 10 per cent of the new business, it would bring it to its long-sought goal of exporting 80 million bushels a year, a figure grain buyers will increase to 100 million bushels by 1985. Guent and friends were planning to make their case this week at a 10-day, 11 a.m. meeting of federal and provincial ministers, which producers, grain-handling companies and officials of the three grain provinces are to attend. If that doesn't bring results, Hruschak vows he will try direct lobbying of the Soviet Embassy to inform them of their rights in sharing export ports—the kind of direct meddling with customers that has already drawn the ire of the wheat board. And a Soviet consular attaché in Ottawa told Maclean's "Really, we leave it to Canadian authorities to deliver the wheat and the arrangements have been very efficient and satisfactory up to

new. We have no difficulties with the present system."

One explanation of that satisfaction, given little publicity, is offered by Mac Brown, president of the United Grain Growers Ltd. "The Canadian shipping season comes just at the time when Soviet harvesting is under way and their grain bins are full. They can't determine their requirements until the harvesting is over, so Churchill's dog house," in that, points to the September at the wheat board. "The private shipping season for Churchill this year we held over 550,000 tonnes in storage from last year's crop. It could easily have gone via other ports, but western farmers have paid an extra \$9 million to keep this inventory on hand at a time of high interest rates."

In total, nine ships loaded grain at Churchill in 1986, six or so may do so this summer. There may be another long wait before Churchill's ship comes in. —PETER CANTLEY-GORDON

Nova Scotia

The force be not with him

"I'm giving up the comradeship and fellowship of the guys in the trenches—that's what I'll miss," said newly Qpt Cyril House last week as he announced his resignation from the force, effective July 3. "I just want to emphasize the process by which my superior dropped this case," House, 39, is an admittedly trim ex-coaster, a family man with two young sons, and he found his niche in the force 14 years ago. But he is a self-dubbed "tribble Newfoundlander," so he decided he could not stomach a job where, as he puts it, "politics came before fairness, he was called off an investigation of a Nova Scotia cabinet minister last December for political reasons, he says, before it was finished. His announcement unofficially revived the mud-slinging in the legislature that has made the so-called Thorsbuhl Affair, in its now-year-old-somebody-don't-remember-it case, where all four banks survived did business with the government. The RCMP report was turned over to the provincial attorney-general's department in September and, the following month, the province said no charges would be laid against Thorsbuhl. Two months later the RCMP also dropped the case, but House, discouraged at the sudden way his task had been terminated, had already made up his mind to quit and will take a security job in Saint John, N.B., next month. "I'm convinced in my own mind that it was politics," he said. "And I just

make the best of a bad deal"—was not in question. Rather, the case turned on whether the witnesses had been arranged after Thorsbuhl joined the cabinet and, if so, whether he had received written permission to do so from Premier John Buchanan—the established



RCMP Qpt House and (below) Thorsbuhl, a difficult question of permission



legal safeguard against influence-peddling in such a case, where all four banks survived did business with the government. The RCMP report was turned over to the provincial attorney-general's department in September and, the following month, the province said no charges would be laid against Thorsbuhl. Two months later the RCMP also dropped the case, but House, discouraged at the sudden way his task had been terminated, had already made up his mind to quit and will take a security job in Saint John, N.B., next month. "I'm convinced in my own mind that it was politics," he said. "And I just

couldn't stand for it." An RCMP spokesman said House's concerns were an "opinion."

The future set off in the legislature with his announcement last week followed mainly on whether Buchanan gave his written permission for the deal, as the Criminal Code requires. The RCMP believes that Buchanan discussed the offer with Thorsbuhl, but there is no evidence of permission in black and white, a politician for the police force and last week. Liberal Opposition leader Staney Cameron demanded that both Thorsbuhl and Attorney-General Harry How be relieved of their cabinet posts until "the cloud of suspicion" over the case is cleared through a judicial inquiry. "The only cloud that exists is in the one over your head," retorted Buchanan, who immediately rejected an inquiry, saying Thorsbuhl's association by the RCMP and the attorney-general's department was good enough for him. Cameron also accused the premier of changing his story on the timing of Thorsbuhl's visit. "When you hear one thing one day, another the next, it leaves you with questions. Mr. Thorsbuhl negotiated a proper deal, and more power to him. What's wrong is the way in which the government of the day has handled it, namely the premier." Thorsbuhl, who is using Dartmouth radio station CFMT for denunciation over its coverage of the case, is not commenting publicly. Cameron and other Liberals intend to pursue their questions in what has become the hottest building in town well over a year after the affair first broke. Liberal aide John Coward said confidently, "I don't think you've heard the end of the Thorsbuhl thing—not by a long shot."

—MICHAEL CLARKE

Ontario

A tale that wags the dog

Ignoring the local leash law may no longer be simply a question of a \$25 fine. In a decision starting to dog owners, the Supreme Court of Canada has thrown its weight behind a lower court ruling that owners of dogs may have to pay for damage caused by their pets anywhere off the owner's property. That was the outcome of the top court's decision last February not to hear an appeal against an Ontario judgment that found a dog's master responsible for damages of \$40,000.94 because of an accident touched off by the dog.

It all started April 13, 1986, when Sean Bissett, 16, and his brother, Kelly, 7, were playing with their seven-

year-old Labrador, Down Boy, on a 60-acre property in Richmond Hill, just north of Toronto. Kelly Bissett, then 11, rode by on her horse, Fantasma, along a rural road sharing the two children. Down Boy ran and nipped Bissett's horse, causing it to throw her. The horse then bolted into busy Foster weekend traffic on a nearby highway, where it was hit and killed by a car. McEbert received slight injuries.

Lawsuits by McEbert and the driver of the car, James Downing, were thrown out of the Ontario Superior Court. But the Ontario Court of Appeal reversed that judgment, saying that William J. Corcoran, grandfather of the Bissetts and legal owner of the dog, was negligent. The Appeal Court's reasoning was twofold: that Corcoran knew of a Richmond Hill bylaw prohibiting dogs running at large and that the dog owner should have known an accident might occur under the circumstances.

That ruling, all the stronger because of the Supreme Court's refusal to review it, amounts to an important precedent: any lawyers involved in the case Paul Shennak, the Toronto lawyer hired by McEbert, took it as another step by modern society away from the centuries-old common-law principle that allowed "man's best friend" to roam at will. Most municipalities and villages



Shennak, dog: ancient rules go modern

have restrictive bylaws, says Shennak, but "the problem is that these laws are ignored." That will change, he points out, now that owners' equipment can be more readily established in the past, each finding can lead on its own what the Ontario Court of Appeal termed "ancient rules that required the dog's master to have some knowledge of vicious or mischievous propensity." But no more, says Shennak. Now the courts are shifting to a test similar to that applied in other negligence cases. That means that if a dog is unlawfully at large and does something the owner could have reason-

ably foreseen, the owner may be liable for damages caused to people or property.

All that soon had dog lovers bristling. "I think everything's really stacked against the dog and dog owner," complained Hilary Mackay, head of Pet Owners United in Ottawa. But Shennak retorts that pet owners must become more responsible and realize that the dogs of canine freedom are long gone. "In today's modern society," he says, "a dog can get into a lot of trouble without too much encouragement."

—LES WRIGHT/OTTAWA

The sportscar for a real individual.

YAMAHA SECA.
MOTORCYCLING.
THE WAY IT SHOULD BE.

Democracy on its deathbed

In Spain the talk is not 'if' but 'when' the military will take over



Police on alert (left), negotiating with hostage-takers (right) inevitable?

By David Beidel

Amid the confusion following the hostage-taking in Barcelona's El Tiro Control, the conviction was growing in Spain last week that the country's short-lived experiment in democracy was drawing to a close. The kidnappings—a somewhat bullet-scarred parliament, a press not all of which yet practices self-censorship, trade unions—remained. But the talk was about "when," not "if." A coup would take place. The favored dates, June 30, the feast of St. John, patron saint of King Juan Carlos, and, inevitably, July 15, the anniversary of former dictator Francisco Franco's 1936 rising.

Such news may be alarming. That the current state of affairs, the general uncertainty and above all the constant terrorist outrages (there are provocations of one kind or another every day) have created an atmosphere that plays into the hands of those who pulled the strings behind the Feb. 23 coup attempt. Says Luis Gorno, an officer expelled from the army for his radical views, "There appears to be a campaign to give people hope for a coup." Others argue that a de facto coup is already in the making. Says one prominent Catalan banker: "There is a great worry that the democratic institutions will merely become a facade, that the important decisions will be taken elsewhere." A

right-wing member, Antonio Carriz, suggested in parliament last week that that stage may already have been reached. "Here we are not legislating, and a sovereign body which refuses itself to complaining only reveals its impotence," he claimed.

Carriz went on to disparage the "infused honor" and "proven value" of the paramilitary Civil Guards, 200 of whom in February held the deputies at gunpoint for 18 hours. The guards are widely suspected of having a hand in the Barcelona siege. At first, 27 men were said to be holding the hostages. But amid general incredulity, police arrested only nine "delinquents and sensitive individuals," who, it emerged later, had also constructed a tunnel in order to plant a bomb on May 31 beneath a military parade attended by Juan Carlos, whose firm stand blocked the February plot. Prime Minister Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo told parliament that a mysterious ultrarightist had leased the bank job, but he could not explain who was behind it, and it was left to Socialist leader Felipe Gonzalez to voice the conclusion in most people's minds: "There is a premeditated plan to sink democracy."

Indeed, events bear a chilling similarity to those preceding the 1986 coup. Franco came to power six years after dictator Primo de Rivera gave way to reform-minded but generally ineffec-



Calvo Sotelo: only the kidnappings remain

tual governments. It is 50 years since Primo died. Though violence has subsided, nothing like the level of the 1930s, there is the same general of nationalist violence now as then. Rightist youths demonstrate with fascist salutes, and nowhere is the nostalgia for the plot stronger than in the military, which, as it did in the 1930s, feels it has a sacred duty to protect "la patria" (the motherland) against pervasiveness, "red" subversion and all the evils brought about by the despotic politicians. The foundations of democracy are the weaker for the fact that a surprising number of the ruling Democratic Centre party only emerged as "democrats" after Franco's demise. The professor Pío Baroja (New York)

has only one partisan military representation, but squads of blue-shirted fascists are at its call. According to a statement by February coup protagonist Col. Antonio Tejero Malla, all but two of Spain's regional military commanders were sympathetic to the plot. Thirty officers have been arrested but, interestingly in view of last week's events, most of the Civil Guards involved have been released. And the government is divided over the wisdom of bringing the accused to trial, both for fear of provoking them with a platform and of the possible reaction of the military.

While Calvo Sotelo has been reduced to pushing for speedy membership in NATO, hoping to give the military something else to think about, the process of regional autonomy, conducted by more wary elites as subverting national unity, has been slowed. To placate the military further, troops have been sent into



Gonzalez: plan to sink democracy

the Basque country and left-wing parties have markedly accepted tough new anti-terrorist measures. A disease permitting the closure of papers encouraging rebellion or terrorism—amid all the rabble-rousing rightists daily in Alcala and the Basque ETA revolutionary group—could only too easily be turned against the press in general.

After the February coup attempt, one survey showed that only four percent of Spaniards wanted it to succeed, but disillusioned with political intrigue, 10-percent inflation and unemployment rising to 17 million, many of Spain's 37.5 million people are ready to believe the claim that "things were better under Franco." Moreover, Spaniards, much more affluent than those witnessing barebacks in 1936, are unlikely to be prepared to martyr themselves before the guns of Tejero and his ilk. Calvo Sotelo and his team have to thread their way through a minefield of squally and fascistism. The general public knows the price of failure: the assassination of his uncle lost on July 15, 1936, helped to spark the bloody civil war. But others' memories in comparison seem curiously short. ♦

Geneva

Awash in a sea of surplus oil

There was plenty of very humor among the observers who thronged Geneva's International Hotel last week, waiting for a glimpse of the 10 OPEC oil ministers wangling over a new set of oil prices. The favorite joke, as always, was "over

a barrel with OPEC?" Ever since 1973, Western politicians and economists have felt much the same. But in the aftermath of last week's meeting—one of the most successful in OPEC history—many felt the cartel's grip on the consuming national economies was loosening—if only temporarily.

The upshot of the two-day session was a decrease by 10 OPEC producers to cut oil output by 10 per cent from June 1 in an effort to soothe the current glut. They also agreed in frozen prices at the levels set in Bali last December for a maximum of \$40 for Africa crude to

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Geneva meeting: a temporary respite

\$40 for the heavier Middle Eastern oil. For Western consumers these measures mean a welcome respite from higher oil bills until year's end. And far short they have Saudi Arabia—which raised prices from its fellow members to dash production and raise prices—to thank. At one stage the Saudis—who account for about 40 per cent of world oil production (see chart)—had offered to raise their price from \$38.50 to the \$40-per-barrel benchmark of their fellow members. But that was part of a wider package, proposed by the elegant Saudi oil minister Sheikh Ahmed Jalel Yamani, under which Nigeria and Libya would cut their \$40-per-barrel price and OPEC would freeze prices for up to 36 months. Yamani's dream is of a unified price for OPEC oil that would be indexed to Western inflation. But the deal fell through.

Some analysts last week were interpreting OPEC's troubles as a sign that the cartel's economic might is on the wane. With "noise" oil from Alaska, the North Sea and Mexico coming onto the market, the cartel's share of non-Communist consumption has fallen

from two-thirds to one-half. In addition, Western countries cut back consumption last year by six per cent, and last week's 30-per-cent cut in production will eliminate less than half the current daily surplus, between two and three million barrels.

But this optimistic scenario rests on two shaky props. One is recession, when demand peaks up again—probably by the end of the year—the oil surplus will vanish and OPEC can be expected to hike prices. There is also uncertainty over the continued willingness of the Saudis to pump out oil at an unprecedented 10 million barrels a day. At present, it sells them to do so, propping up Western economies in which they have invested millions of dollars and securing such political favors as the sale of the four American AWACS aircraft in the process. But the ruling Saudi royal family's gamble leaves them dangerously out of step with the rest of the Arab world. One false move, an assassination, another episode like the invasion of the Grand Mosque in Mecca in late 1979, and Saudi oil production could be affected, leaving the West where it was last year: over the oil barrel.

—JANE GILCHRIST

Back to bullets yet another time

The fragile fabric of social order in Bangladesh was abruptly torn apart Saturday after the assassination of the country's head of state, Ziaur Rahman—with two of his aides and six bodyguards—in the northern provincial part of Chittagong. The murder appeared to set the stage for a struggle for control between the local commander, Maj-Gen. Mansur Ahmed, whose troops were held responsible, and the bulk of the army under Chief of Staff M. Arshad, which remained loyal to Vice-President Abdur Sattar, who declared a state of emergency from the capital, Dhaka. There was also the threat of a worsening of the always delicate relations with neighboring India. Chittagong Bay, situated by the rebels, announced that the 1972 treaty of friendship between India and Bangladesh had been abrogated and declared Bangladesh sovereignty over a disputed island in the Bay of Bengal.

Ziaur's murder, after six years of relative calm in a country of 96.6 million inhabitants, 75 per cent of whom live below the poverty line, recalled the stormy earlier years of the 30-year-old state. Originally the eastern wing of Pakistan, Bangladesh achieved independence in March, 1971, after the Indian army had intervened on behalf of Sikh

Poland

The man who moved a nation

He worked with the resistance during the Nazi occupation in the Second World War and later was held for three years in a remote Polish monastery for opposing the Communist Party's attempts to smash his church by confiscating its property and jettisoning its priests. But for all his talents and virtues, Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, primate of Poland, will be remembered most as the man who snuffed the bottle on forces greater than himself.

It was Wyszyński who, by standing up to Poland's Communist masters for more than three decades, turned his Roman Catholic Church into the focal point for patriotic and opposition sentiment as well as religious fervor. It was Wyszyński who groomed a priest 18 years his junior, Karol Wojtyła, who went on to become Pope John Paul II and conduct a papacy that many regard



Wyszyński with John Paul II, and Pope John Paul II, the forces of change

as the most far-reaching in modern times. And finally, it was the Polish primate who, through his tireless stand for human rights, helped to unleash—and then to catalyze—the movement that

since last August has shaken the Communist world to the core.

On all three scores, the leader of his country's 30 million Catholics earned the esteem that marked his passing last week at 79. As the world saluted him, Polish leaders granted him full state honors and the official newspaper referred to him as "a great Pole and patriot." Although unassuming in his appearance in Communion, the tall, austere Wyszyński was a political leader who knew that his church and the cause of human rights could advance in Poland only if an accommodation were reached with the party. In the crisis that swept Poland in the final months of his life, Wyszyński used his influence to preach moderation, persuading the restless Solidarity movement to stave off a general strike that looked certain to trigger Soviet intervention and to recognize formally the leading role of the party in national life.

But the loss of his stabilizing voice is unlikely to open any immediate rift or to weaken fatally the church's standing as one of the three pillars of Polish society, along with the party and Solidarity. Wyszyński's unique contribution down the years—and especially

over the last hectic months of worker rebellion—was to rebuke the church to stand on its own. It will continue to draw immeasurable authority from the reign of a Polish Pope in Rome, while Poland's spiritual life behind him experienced, unreflected, change. Does such rank a successor? It could be Francis Cardinal Macharski, Bishop of Wrocław, or the Rev. Józef Tischner—who will be chosen. None may claim his stature, but all have learned his lesson.

—PATRICK LEVINE

Italy

Enmeshed in a web of scandal



Forlani: a notorious power broker

The story reads like political fiction rather than fact: a scandal involving shady dealings in a renegade Masonic lodge, whose members allegedly include scores of prominent figures, now puts among the powerful and trimmers one of the worst crises in the country's post-war history. But the plot is all too real, and last week's collapse of Italy's seven-month-old coalition government created a notorious power vacuum at a time of profound uncertainty. Long accustomed to political crises—the country has had 46 short-lived governments in its last 55 years—Italians followed the latest with unusual interest.

The long-brewing scandal exploded May 12, when authorities released a list of 956 alleged members of a secret Masonic lodge called P-2 (Propaganda-2) whose 1975 government in its last 35 years—Italians followed the latest with unusual interest.



Maj-Gen. Mansur Ahmed, Ziaur Rahman (President Piltan), who had been waging a guerrilla war against the Pakistani army's attempts to suppress local demands for autonomy. Maj-Gen. Mansur Ahmed, whose troops were held responsible, and the bulk of the army under Chief of Staff M. Arshad, which remained loyal to Vice-President Abdur Sattar, who declared a state of emergency from the capital, Dhaka. There was also the threat of a worsening of the always delicate relations with neighboring India. Chittagong Bay, situated by the rebels, announced that the 1972 treaty of friendship between India and Bangladesh had been abrogated and declared Bangladesh sovereignty over a disputed island in the Bay of Bengal.

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Rahman speaking in Chittagong rally after 1972 election: more history from the pen

leader was ousted by two attempted coups and at least six machines in the armed services. While retaining the country to a semblance of democracy—he founded the Bangladesh National Party (BNP), which achieved a two-thirds majority in 1979 elections, roasting the divided remnants of Maj-Gen. Rahman's Awami League—Rahman led a relatively successful diplomatic campaign for international assistance, while seeking internal economic recovery through grassroots organizations at village level, as well as by an all-out attempt to control the growth of a population molder monthly by 200,000 refugees from neighboring Burma.

Any gains in the republic, however, now have been put at risk by his assassination, and internal stability is un-

der threatened by the return in Dhaka earlier last month of Sheikh Hassan Wazed, 30-year-old daughter of Maj-Gen. Rahman, after six years of self-imposed exile in India. At a succession of well-attended rallies, she has been denouncing the trial of her father's assassins, and her presence in the country has put new life into the Awami League. The rebels' anti-India stance reflects another divisive strand in Bangladesh's politics. Anomalous toward India has been growing ever since liberation, when failed by border incidents and a still unsettled dispute over the sharing of the water of the Ganges River. The country's chief problem, however, is that Ziaur's death removes the one figure who seemed able to control all these forces. A prolonged period of uncertainty, if not struggle, seems likely before a figure of equal stature emerges.

—DAVID NORTH

OPEC Production

1980 output in millions of barrels a day. As of June 1, 1980, all OPEC members had Saudi Arabia's low and long oil production by at least 10 per cent.

Algeria	1.00	Libya	1.64
Brazil	0.21	Nigeria	3.03
Gulfen	1.10	Qatar	0.45
Indonesia	1.62	Saudi Arabia	10.00
Iran	3.36	U.A.E.	1.71
Iraq	0.45	Venezuela	2.33
Kuwait	1.32		

would be corps d'etat. When President Antonio Porcino failed to calm the controversy by removing the implicated cabinet ministers—the move was blocked by the Socialist members of his cabinet—he had no choice but to resign. Two days later the country suffered a second trauma when the head of the post office staff, the highest-ranking official of the financial police and three secret service appointments were put on temporary leave until their names were cleared.

So far, however, only two figures have been charged with wrongdoing: Gelfi, the P-2's fugitive grand master, and a former secret service official, Col Antonio Vizzini, a P-2 member. Both are accused of breaches of state security. Following the discovery, in Gelfi's abandoned villa, of a secret government report as a 1979 oil tax fraud scandal and Gelfi's possession of files on top political and financial figures which investigators believe might have been used as a source of blackmail, Gelfi's name has been further solidified by its ongoing investigation of his possible involvement in the fraudulent activities of jailed former Michele Sindona.

Along with those supposedly implicated, the greatest sufferers have been the 30,000 members of the country's 1,000 other Masonic lodges, despite their occasional distinguished history—patriot Giuseppe Garibaldi was a grand master—and the fact that P-2 was suspended as long ago as 1975. But the final impact of the affair is likely to depend on whether Porcino can form a government that inspires greater confidence. The prospects are not promising. Clashes between the ruling Christian Democrats and the Socialists may, in the end, force President Sandro Pertini to call national elections three years ahead of schedule. —TIMOTHY L. LANE

Gulf on the move: secret report found



U.S.A.

A 'family' man for the job?

Roy Lee Williams is fingered as a 'Mafia mole'



Las Vegas strip: new-interest loans for 'friends' of the Teamster pension fund

By Michael Posner

Barren on an act of dense interrogation, 46-year-old Roy Lee Williams will be confirmed this week as general president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers of America. The election will take place during the 22nd Teamster Convention, being held—sponsored by—in Las Vegas, America's unofficial capital of organized crime. Williams and the Teamsters are apparently well-acquainted with the underworld. According to a recent congressional report, the new union boss is a Mafia man, working under the complete domination of Kansas City mob chieftain Paul Civella. Appearing before a Senate panel last year, Williams was questioned at length about his connections with Civella and the assets of the Teamsters' \$2.2-billion Central States Pension Fund (CSFP), the union leader refused to testify, pleading the Fifth Amendment 33 times. That fund has served for years as a kind of instant credit line for organized crime, financing it individually low interest rates—lenders of Las Vegas casinos and real estate speculation. Indeed, if the justice department is right, what Roy Williams calls "the largest labor union in the free world" is

a de facto Mafia subsidiary.

Last week, on the eve of the Las Vegas election, the Teamsters faced a new, double-barreled assault on their integrity. As a result of Williams' refusal to testify, the Senate subcommittee on investigations asked the labor department to decide whether he is fit to lead off. Should Williams remain silent, the Senate said, he should be removed. One day later, a federal grand jury in Chicago indicted Williams and four others on charges of conspiring to bribe Nevada Senator Howard Cannon. The evidence of the case also involves the CSFP, of which the Teamsters leader was a trustee for 20 years.

Among the fund's considerable holdings was the so-called "Wonderworld" property, a 5-acre parcel of land in Las Vegas. The 18-page indictment, the result of a 25-month federal investigation, alleges that Williams, CSFP trustee Thomas O'Malley, CSFP employee Andrew Mason, CSFP consultant Allen Dorfman and reputed Chicago mobster Joe Lombardo attempted to give Cannon exclusive rights to the Wonderworld parcel in return for his voting against legislation to deplete the trucking industry.

The conspirators allegedly applied pressure to other potential buyers to withdraw their bids and to employees of the Palmeri Co., the CSFP sales agent,

"to influence their decision as to the purchaser and sales price." A bid submitted on Cannon's behalf was thus predestined to succeed. Cannon was at that time chairman of the Senate's powerful commerce, science and transportation committee. Championed by the Carter White House, the deregulation legislation was initially opposed by Cannon and the Teamsters, clearly because it ended anti-trust immunity for some collective rate-setters. In the end, however, Cannon's committee produced a tougher bill than most observers had expected and, although it was a weaker House of Representatives bill that was finally adopted, Cannon voted for it. The Las Vegas law was never sold to him, and the Democrat from Nevada was never charged.

Williams has been indicted on three previous occasions but never convicted. He called the new charges against him "a damn lie." One of 12 children, he grew up in the Midwest and made steady progress through Teamsters'

Witness: a de facto Mafia subsidiary



ranks in the Kansas City area, becoming Central States Conference chairman in 1976. Squeezed by Makino Civella, Williams pushed through a plan requiring union members to rent cars from an agency controlled by organized crime, rather than being reimbursed for the expense of using their own. Other government documents suggested Williams had participated in a money-laundering operation, drawing some \$180,000 a week from Las Vegas casinos revenues. FBI affidavits show that Civella and convicted felon Dorfman controlled lookalikes for loans from the CSFP. It is clear from these and other documents that Roy Lee Williams was simply a lever manipulated by organized crime for its own objectives. The FBI is said to have wiretapped the Teamsters' office in Kansas City, producing some 500 pages of conversations,

if made public, says one Senate investigator. "They will blow Roy Williams up," says Ralph.

But it is not all clear where the current motion will lead. The Teamsters backed Ronald Reagan in the 1980 campaign, the only major union to do so, and that support helped him carry some critical states. In 1978, Williams and others were rewarded as trustees of the CSFP, charged with managing independent trustees were then hired, their five-year term expires in 1982, and it is a safe guess the Teamsters' leadership will want to take direct control. Whether they will be allowed to is ultimately Ronald Reagan's decision. □

Demolition derby on the hustings

Pollsters are refusing to call the result of this week's New Jersey gubernatorial primary election. In fact, they are even refusing to call it an election. Locally, it is being referred to as the demolition derby, a 20-candidate night (eight Republicans, 12 Democrats) held as chaotic and unpredictable as a Saturday night roughhouse. Ironically, the confusion is the result of an election law designed to simplify an overpowering first time, any runner who could raise \$50,000 from individual donations could then qualify for two state dollars for every \$5 private contribution.

The state expects to dole out up to \$6.5 million before primary day, June 3, to a collection of candidates noted more for their colorful backgrounds than their politics. On the Democratic side, candidates range from unknown such as former high school teacher Herbert Baehler to front-runners Congressman Robert G. Menendez, Newark Mayor Kenneth Gibson, and Newark Mayor Kenneth Gibson.

Gibson (below left) and Keen, unpredictable as a Saturday-night roughhouse



only black candidate, who survives justice department accusations that campaign funds from his 1971 mayoralty race wound up in a personal Swiss bank account. The Republican side is just as varied from Newark assemblyman Tony Imperiale, a former karate instructor, to favorites Thomas Keen, endorsed by former president Gerald R. Ford, and midwestern industrialist Joseph (Bo) Sullivan.

Sullivan and Democrat Roe have refused public funding, making some of two dollars their major campaign man, and is so foolish if the others—or the taxpayers—have got their money's worth. To break out of the pack, candidates have had to adopt some wild tactics. Jersey City Mayor Thomas P. DiBella's commercials feature a talking dog. His pet cock Henry Hudson Candidate Jim Florio's latest TV spot shows a close-up of his face splattered with mud, to illustrate what he believes his opponents are doing to his record. Even so, the evidence is that the poll is no more than a continuing ball for most voters. A survey released last week by the Eagleton Institute of Politics at Rutgers University revealed that fewer than one in four New Jerseyans could recognize even the major candidates. As a result, the state's present governor, Brendan Byrne, who originally backed public financing, now says he would prefer a second-round runoff to determine such party's eventual nominee. And several other states, including New York, are reportedly rethinking their own schemes for publicly financed primaries.

Still, there may well be a big payoff for the losers from their television exposure. James Ballin, the Eagleton poll's associate director, reports that one of the respondents in their survey awarded particular credit to being heard the name of a particular candidate. "Oh, I know him," she asserted. "It's the one on the American Express commercials." —LEWIS CHRISTOPHER

At 44, **Nana Mouskouri**, the Greek chanteuse famous for her black-rimmed glasses and classically trained soprano voice, has gone country. "It's really not a change, just an evolution in my music," she says of her Nashville-produced album *Cover With Me*. But she does admit it is a long way from the young girl who looked herself in her Paris days for three days after hearing *Keith Park*. "Nana" was admitted to call herself a "singer." In between was her 1964 discovery by **Mary McEvoy**, their two-year tour which made her reputation, the 850 concerts, endless calls for interviews and, at last count, 71 gold and platinum records. Modestly she says, "I have been very lucky so far, life has always smiled on me."

Peter Laughlin may be gravely concerned about resource ownership, but fellow-Albertan **Paul Simon** isn't. "It's crazy to be squabbling about the resources when there are scores of oil and gas in outer space," says the Port-Hurong, Alta., teacher who is forming a Western Canada chapter of the L-S Society, dedicated to colonization in space. Named after liberal poet Paul No. 4, a poet where a sponsored can orbit and remain in the same position between the earth and the moon, the L-S Society hopes to use a wheel-shaped habitat for 16,000 in orbit to serve commuting workers involved in moon racing. Known as *Aerobial Roamer*, to his friends **Simon**, 36, is still the only member in the town of 300, 125 km southeast of Edmonton. "I guess people around here want to keep their feet on the ground," she says. "I picture myself in a Red Baron suit flying off to the moon someday."



Simon hoping to head for outer space



Mouskouri's new Nashville act



Lavento scuffling with team-mate **Dwight Taylor**, a shocking pile dent

"C"anadian composers were so rare that we practically had to invent ourselves," recalls **John Weinberg**, founding father of the Canadian League of Composers, whose 150 members will gather at the University of Windsor this month for a wimpling birthday party celebrating their 30th anniversary. Weinberg, 66, professor emeritus of the University of Toronto's faculty of music, remembers having a gloomy discussion about the plight of native composers in the kitchen of his North Toronto home one night in 1981 with two of his students, **Mary Senechal** and **Sam**

uel Boile. His novelist wife, **Helen**, told them to "stop complaining and start doing something." A baked cherry pie followed for advice, and that night the trio decided to draft the league's constitution. Weinberg, the composer of 60 major works, admits he is better known abroad than in Canada and he is deeply concerned about the average stonings of league members, which hover at about \$1,000 a year. Last month, however, Weinberg brightened visibly when he received a \$25,000 Molson Award for his musical achievements. "It's the first cash prize I ever won," he says. "And I've just bought myself my first case of Moët and Chandon."

The old No. 7 was by **Edmonton** Eskimos defensive back **Pete Lavento** just didn't look as menacing in shocking pink. Lavento showed up for spring training last week to find teammates had dyed his uniform to look like his recent appearance in **Boyz n the City**. **Shannon**'s drama about homosexual persecution, at the city's Theatre

Arquata and **Andre Leduc**, and its producer, the National Film Board. **Boyz** would do very well plumping up conference sales before showings of the other well-received but previous Canadian entry, **Allegiance** (also a feature by Toronto film-maker **Guy Kloris**).

There were no soccer royal beer mugs or T-shirts in evidence at the wedding of Belgium's Princess **Marie Christine Dupuis de Rutte** to Toronto official **Paul Drake** in Coral Gables, Fla., over the Victoria Day weekend. In fact, the marriage of the princess, who works as a consultant for TVOntario, and the pure player was performed without the knowledge of her parents and against their formal wishes. Princess Marie Christine's half-brother is **King Baudouin** of Belgium. The wedding was such a spur of the moment affair that Drake, 43, a widower with three teen-age daughters, didn't have time to notify his children. The royal family has reportedly launched an investigation into Drake's background, although the Belgian Consulate in Toronto denies any knowledge of such inquiries. In fact, the 30-year-old princess was questioned and interviewed about the family misgivings about her relationship last month by former Belgian consul general to Toronto **Ferdinand de Wilde**. Says **Yvonne Hermant**, a quiet Toronto socialite who hosted the princess for several months: "I do not know what he was doing, or what involvement he had." She also expressed concern about a file reportedly

gathered on Drake by a local policeman, rather than the usual discreet External Affairs backgrounders.

After five years in a stand-up-comedian's specialization in multiple personalities, **Chas Lawler** got sick of "jumping back and forth and talking to myself," so he teamed up with Ottawa-born actress **Shirley Coulter**—and they have been talking to each other ever since. "It's a wonderful message to avoid actors' schizophrenia," says Coulter, who plays *Fiona* the Nurse to Lawler's all-night Toronto TV character *Chuck* the Security Guard. Coulter and Lawler wrote their own sketches

soon when Canada is really living economic disaster," he fumes. "We've sent out 500 letters and response has been great." Local Liberal organizers say publicity about his boycott is actually helping them sell more tickets, a claim Coulter dismisses. "A lot of big firms have to buy tickets because they need to get government contracts," he says, "but it doesn't mean they have to use those tickets."

Vancouver Island author **David Day** leaps from Middle-earth to the surface this September. A Canadian publisher rejected his idea for *The Tolkien Bazaar*, a learned compo-



Lawler, Coulter joined at the hip, but still managing to avoid schizophrenia

and in their column; even *Journal of the Arts* played a variety of characters from television nightclub owners **Max Fong** and **Shirley Wise** to the Archangel Gabriel and a hysterical teen-age **Wiggy Warg**, who would rather not get up with *August 4 G* around *Dead Sex High* for nine months. "We like people to use the absurdity in what we do," says Lawler.

Whenpa federal director **Robert Steele**, wartime aide to former defence minister **James Macpherson**, is trying his hardest to dispatch **Walter Rott Trudeau's** political career to the final resting place he believes it deserves. *Trudeau* is scheduled to speak Wednesday at a film-splatted Liberal fund-raising dinner; Steele has been urging participants to stay away in crowds to let P&T know he's no longer persona grata. "We've got to let this lame-brain press minister know he's dwelling on irrelevant issues such as the conjunc-

tion of everything you ever wanted to know about Frodo and friends. A British publisher picked up the idea two years ago and the book sold 250,000 copies in 12 countries. Day's latest effort, *The Doomed Book of the Dead*, charts the downfall of 200 species over the past 300 years. After two years of tracking down extinction through the British Museum, Day, 33, is now juggling an assault on humans. His next book, tentatively titled *The Ecology Wars*, will focus on the pre- and post-natal lives in the human community. While attempting to document the views of the hatters and the defenders of the hanted, Day discovered that *Mr. Andie* may have been as the side of certain animals. *Uganda*, he points out, is now the site of a burgeoning animal population. Before Aztec the crocodiles were underdominated. He find them human bodies and they seem to be thriving today."

—EDITED BY MARIEA BOUTON



Princess and piano player royal apples

Three "It was the only uniform I had, so I wore it," says Lavento, 38, who intends to turn to the stage in the off-season. "But right now I'm more interested in writing another *Boyz n the City* than any drama critic's award."

The Canadian film industry has produced a few sorry movies, but none of them had won a prize at an international film festival. That changed last week at Cannes when *Boyz*, a five-minute live-action short depicting the euphoria of a single kernel of popcorn, won a Special Jury Award for its co-directors, **Maxwell Brothers** **Jas-**

Like a thief in the night

No one can stop Expos rookie Tim Lincecum from stealing bases



Lincecum sliding safely into home plate, better than Lou Brock in his prime

By Hal Quinn

The stolen base has been a part of the grand old game as long as peanuts and Cracker Jack, but it was Ty Cobb, the Georgia Peach, who perfected thievery. An Italian for his hitting as his habit of sliding into bases with his elbow flailing, Cobb stole 96 bases in the 1920 season. It wasn't until 1969 that Maury Wills broke Cobb's record, becoming the first player to steal more than 100 bases, and it was back in 1974 that Lou Brock set the current standard of 115. But now, under the star of Cobb, Wills and Brock when the odd individual upset leagues, teams have whole groups of players swiping bases (the Montreal Expos have six), and in numbers that display no reverence for these legendary predecessors. Last season, 1266 more basestealers than 10 years earlier. The tandem of Expos Ron LeFlore (97) and Rodney Scott (88) sneaked away with a major league record 166.

It was LeFlore's exploits that caused many to wonder why the Expos so readily allowed him to escape this one sin in the Charo White Box. The team's lack of money was quickly expressed by manager Dick Williams at the Expos spring training camp. "I think we might have someone who can replace LeFlore." There were few doubts in Williams' mind for he was

thinking of rookie Tim Lincecum, and, since the first few games of the season, there have been no doubts elsewhere. Joe Morgan, a second baseman now with the San Francisco Giants, knows base stealing (635 in his career) from both sides, arresting and escaping. Of his encounters with the 21-year-old Lincecum, Morgan says, "At second base you see the ball and the runner coming, and you know when you've got the guy. I know we had Lincecum... he was safe. Over the last 15 feet, he explodes. I

think he's as good now as Lou Brock was in his prime."

Indeed, the five-foot, eight-inch, 165-pound Lincecum is something else again. The Expos first base coach Steve Boros puts a stopwatch on opponents. He calculates that a good pitcher and good catcher require 2.5 seconds to complete the pitch and throw to second. Boros also calculates that from his headfirst stance at the edge of the artificial turf, Lincecum requires 2.5 seconds to arrive safely. Theoretically, Lincecum shouldn't be thrown out at second base. And as of last week, he hadn't been. In his first 69 games, Lincecum stole 40 bases, a pace that was a full 58 games ahead of Brock's record pace and in another league from the rookie record of 56. He had stolen second base 33 times in 31 attempts (six times when the catcher called for a pickoff to try to stop him), third base six times and home once. Only Los Angeles catcher Mike Reda was bad enough to throw him out (Lincecum has been picked off three times) and that was at third base. His performance and remarkable speed five has been clocked running the 300 metres from home around to third in 16.9 seconds (is perhaps best summed up by Los Angeles advance scout Joe Mauer who reported back "If you have a left-handed pitcher with a great wave to first, and throw a high fastball to a catcher with a great arm, you may have a chance."

All the hype, testimonials and attention

No strikes

A s has become the habit in baseball's labor-management negotiations, an eleven-hour agreement paragoned the eleven-hour. The players had the right to strike at 12:01 a.m. Friday but earlier that week filed a complaint with the U.S. National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) claiming that team owners had not bargained in good faith. The central issue is the right of players playing out the option year of their contracts to move to the highest-bidding team in free agents without impediment. A strike was averted last spring when both parties agreed to abate the free agency issue for a year. The owners, pleading financial hardship, this year proposed a system of releasing "junior" free agents and a plan to

compensate teams losing such players (a proposal vehemently rejected by the players).

Last Tuesday, the team upheld the players' claim, ruling that team owners to bargain in good faith, would have to release their financial statements. As the strike deadline approached last Thursday, both parties agreed to postpone the deadline until 5:01 a.m. 48 hours after a U.S. district court grants the state's request for a temporary injunction against the major league clubs that would delay frequent compensation for a year. Judge Henry P. Wilner has scheduled the hearing for Wednesday, June 3. If the judge's decision is appealed, the injunction changed or overturned, the players could strike within 24 to 48 hours. If the injunction is granted as requested, the players could strike on June 1, 1992.

ANNOUNCING

NEW

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him hasn't bothered the muscular Floridian, trimmed down from his minor-league days when his girth earned him his nickname, "Rock." "I've been playing baseball since I was seven years old," he said last week, "and I've always stolen bases. My starting pitcher, I know I could hit major-league pitching [his batting average last week was .526, .385 left-handed, .561 right-handed] and, if I'm on base, I can steal bases." He has been doing it so well that Kipper fans have all but forgotten Ron LeFlore. "He is a better left fielder than LeFlore [in position Kipper has not played before, being primarily a second baseman] and has a better arm," says manager Williams. "LeFlore stole 37 with a .396 average, and I have to think that I've hit for a higher average. He could steal well over 500 bases."

Williams points out a difference between LeFlore and the sky, almost always smiling Kipper. "He's totally unselfish. When LeFlore stole second and the ball rolled into center field, he'd be standing there clapping himself off, thinking about stealing third. Kipper, he's up and on his way to third." His unselfishness carries over to defeating attention from himself. "How's Joanne Felder Andrei Davoon [the best at his position in baseball], and he's always edging me with my fielding. And the best second batter in baseball [Rodney (Cool) Reese Short] (shook and rearranged himself and allowing me to steal. And they're so many guys on this team that one steal and they tip me to pitched moves to first."

Kipper has now seen all the turns in the Kipper division and is vowing his own "hook" as pitchers. But as yet he has difficulty recalling one that has troubled him. "Well, there was one regular pitcher in his first year, he was a little tough. But I can't remember his name." Already, and probably for years to come, the opposite is not true. ☐

A late and long-distance feeling

It was such a dramatic, even historic, occasion, yet even her father didn't know of it until two days later. On Saturday, May 24, 39-year-old Carling Bassett of Toronto became the youngest competitor and first Canadian to win a jewel (number-18) Grand Prix team event, the Belgian International. "We were wondering how she did," her father, John Bassett, admitted after the winning a day from Carling on Monday. In the final, Bassett surged led only by a sliver of a lead, 7.5, 6.7, for her upset win. The victory marks Bassett as Canada's brightest junior pro-

spect. She had already won the 1990 Canadian championship for girls under 19 and the U.S. national clay court singles title for girls 18 and under.

In addition to the singles title at Charlevoix, Belgium, Bassett finished third in the doubles competition with partner Carol Bertrand, a native of Montreal, now living in Portland, Ore., and also won the top women's sponsorship award. "It is very significant to me as an international tournament at her age," says Barbara Diamond of the Women's Tennis Association. "We have been keeping track of her for quite a while. She was certainly created the most interest of the Canadian players."

Bassett is competing in the junior division of the French Open this week and may qualify for the junior competition at Wimbledon later this month. —H.Q.

Didn't anyone here win this race?

The race had been over for six days, but at week's end no one was yet sure who had won the Indianapolis 500. After circling the track 200 times at an average speed of more than 200 km/h, a pitman Bobby Unser took two, rather than the traditional one, victory laps. It appeared to be his third Indy victory and, at 47, it seemed that Unser had become the oldest driver to win the historic race. "This is the second most exciting victory I've had here," he told the crowd. "Things kind of were going my way this month."

They went Unser's way for as long as it took the apparent second-place finisher, Mario Andretti, to protest that Unser had passed a number of cars under the customary yellow flag, waved in order to slow the cars and warn them to hold positions after accidents. Kari-



Andretti posing as victor (top); Unser after ruling who won this race anyway?

Monday morning, Indy officials declared Andretti the winner. It was the first time in the 65-year history of the race that a victory had been nullified by officials. Unser's 850,000 (U.S.) first-place purse for his Penske racing team became the second place \$160,000. Andretti then posed for a lusty victory photo on the empty track. However, it still wasn't over.

Roger Penske, owner of Unser's car, quickly filed two protests before Andretti had a chance to hold his pressoppy. "I'll have to answer explain and apologize for how I won the race," Andretti said. Penske's first two protests were turned down, but late last Thursday night the U.S. Auto Club (USAC) received two appeals from Penske's lawyers. One claimed that Unser's win was unjustly taken away, the second that Andretti had committed the same violations for which Unser was penalized.

The Speedway is dark, the crowds are gone, but the money is still in the bank and USAC has 30 days to decide who won this year's Indy 500. ☐

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ENERGY

Propane cars are hitting the road

By Andrew Wetner

It's used to be simply burn oil or use an expensive waste product of natural gas and oil refining. Later it gained limited acceptance for heating factories and power plants. Even today, half of Canada's 330,000 barrels-a-day production of propane gas goes unused domestically and is exported to the U.S. and Japan. That may change, last month, Ford Motor Co. of Canada began to sell the first factory-produced propane-powered trucks available anywhere in North America. In the fall, the company will offer 1,500 propane passenger cars—Canadian and Corgi—another North American first. Five thousand more will follow in the 1988 model year, and 15,000 in 1989. It's a small beginning, but Ford Chairman Roy Bennett predicts that by 1990, 10 per cent of all Canadian cars could be running on our current propane export surplus.

Meanwhile, the conversion of gasoline vehicles to propane is getting momentum. Terry Rablins, program manager of the Ontario government's DRIVE (Domestic Propane Initiative) program, estimates that there have been 2,000 such conversions in Ontario—the centre of Canadian propane activity—since last summer. Jim Laroock, president of Mowach Propane in Toronto, a longtime propane marketing company now active in vehicle conversions, points out that until last summer the heaviest propane marketer in Ontario operated out of his own house. Now, he says, "the industry is growing at a fantastic rate"—30 to 35 per cent a month as Mowach's seven conversion centres—while "golfing" companies scramble for parts.

Before a conventional vehicle can run on propane, the fuel tank and carburetor must be replaced and new equipment installed to control fuel flow—at an average cost of \$1,500. A valvular and sealless gas is its natural form, propane liquefies under pressure, in this liquid form, it passes into the fuel tank. In the converter, however, it becomes a dry gas that burns more cleanly in the carburetor than gasoline, reducing both air pollution and the need for regular engine maintenance.

Propane's advantages make it a common transportation fuel in Italy, Holland, Belgium and Japan. But it has only recently become economically feasible in Canada, notably in Ontario, where last spring the provincial government removed the five-cent-a-litre



Laroock installing converted car (top). Pin, with propane outside tank, ordinary motorists proceed with caution.



road tax as propane and dropped the seven-per-cent sales tax on vehicles powered by alternative fuels as part of a campaign against dependence on imported oil. Given the sharp hike in gasoline prices since then, propane now sells for about 65 per cent of the price of regular unleaded gasoline in Ontario. So far no other province has followed Ontario's lead, although the cities of Calgary, Edmonton, Winnipeg and Vancouver are experimenting with propane service vehicles on a small scale.

A lower pump price does not signal pure savings to the motorist: a litre of propane contains about 25 per cent less energy (67 BTU) than a litre of gasoline

But because propane burns more efficiently than gasoline, the energy gap narrows to an average of 15 per cent less mileage in a converted vehicle. And according to Joe Ford, alternative fuels coordinator for Ford of Canada, high compression engines in the new propane cars will narrow that gap even further, to 16 per cent, allowing city-highway mileage of 11 km per litre. This bottom-line practicality explains why, after experimenting with a range of alternative fuel options including electricity, methanol and compressed natural gas, Ford has pushed the propane option to the forefront. To take advantage of it, the motorist will pay about \$1,000 more than the present comparable gasoline-powered car. But as Pin points out, this is cheaper than after-sale concerns, and offers the customer "both one-stop shopping and a product fully backed by the vehicle manufacturer."

The cars will be available to anyone, but Pin admits that "the primary appeal will be to government and commercial fleets" able to control their own fuel bills. For Pin the individual driver, supply of the fuel presents a problem. Though Ford will be distributing a directory of Canadian propane outlets, such outlets are rare outside major urban areas—about as elusive as diesel outlets were a few decades ago. Yet with Bore and Canadian Tire among the companies already experimenting with propane outlets, Laroock expects propane distribution facilities to expand rapidly. "In two or three years," he says, "propane should be as available as diesel is now"—allowing ordinary motorists to share in the savings. □

Difficult charges: punish kids or protect them?

Quebec's Youth Protection Act unleashes delinquents

By James Loken

It was a grimly familiar scene. A youth court judge in Montreal was preparing to release a boy, charged with a minor liquor offence, into his mother's care. The mother, not enthused, revealed a startling new fact to the court—the boy had already been arrested three times before, not for liquor offences but for armed robbery. Yet none of these cases was ever brought to court. The criminal charges, it appeared, had all been "diverted" from the courts under a controversial proce-

and murder to be diverted. "It was a real mess," admits Lucienne Bocher, youth protection director for Montreal Ville-Marie. "Things were done then that make me cringe when I think of them now."

The Quebec National Assembly members clearly did not foresee these pitfalls when they implemented the act—inspired in part by the 1979 International Year of the Child and also by a general climate of reform in the Parti Québécois government. For them it constituted a radical departure from the traditional treatment of juvenile social



Paid for the act: Now I have my law!

code what measures to take. In cases of delinquency, the director was left with the matter to report, recommend punishing or probation services, or simply close the file. This system has bogged down in practice, however. "We arrest juveniles, then wait up to six months for a decision from the youth protection director," complains Lucienne Lefebvre of the Montreal police. "Meanwhile the kids are back on the street free to commit new crimes."

At the heart of the controversy is the continued high rate of diversion from the courts and the concern that diversion and social workers are abusing their powers by being too lenient on hard-core offenders. Some are angry judges. "They think every criminal is a victim," André Ruello Mendez, who heads a committee of the Quebec bar association studying the role of lawyers under the act, agrees, and argues that fewer cases should be diverted. "If you deal with children as victims when they commit rape and murder, it only encourages them to be irresponsible." In response to such criticism, youth protection director and social worker Ruth Tannenbaum retorts, "We're not here to guard the public."

The future of Quebec's diversion program is now uncertain, however, is the power of a court action by an 18th St. Jerome woman who was charged by a 17-year-old youth in March, 1979. Even though the injuries from the attack made Yolande Touchette unable to work, the local youth protection director diverted the case and simply referred the boy to psychiatric counselling. He further refused to allow Tes-



Giguère, (left), juvenile, snugging victim Touchette is still angry and hurting

ture of Quebec's Youth Protection Act, which permits designated social workers to bypass the judicial system and deal with young offenders (youths under 18) through counselling and probation.

Critics of the act blame it for an alarming jump in youth crime rates—up 36 per cent during 1979, the first year of its application. Concerns about Quebec juvenile violence has peaked after the murder of an elderly lady during a purse-snatching last month in Montreal and the kidnapping of a downtown bank manager by a 16-year-old boy who stole his getaway on a bicycle. Many Quebec police and prosecutors are quick to point the finger at the act, and even the most ardent defenders of the legislation admit it was poorly implemented, allowing serious offences such as rape

problems—an umbrella administration encompassing youth problems ranging from child abuse to juvenile delinquency. And as the child on the poster shouting the act previously demonstrated, children are accorded formal legal rights including independent legal counsel and extensive rights of appeal. "This is a very good law for the victims of child abuse," says youth court Judge André Fessenden. "But concerning juvenile delinquents, it's been a disaster."

Under the old system, juveniles arrested faced a Crown prosecutor who would decide whether the charges against them warranted a hearing. Now that decision is made by one of the province's 16 youth protection directors (some of them lawyers). They and their staff of social workers, in consultation with the majority of justice, de-

cision to change the youth under the Federal Juvenile Delinquents Act. Touchette said for this right and win, and the experience has convinced her that the act is severely misguided. "I agree some youths need protection," she says, "but their victims should be helped too." Quebec Superior Courts have since upheld the case and ruled that several sections of the act violate the federal power over criminal law.

The constitutional issues raised by Touchette's case are now on the Supreme Court of Canada's platter. Ironically, the new federal Young Offenders Act, now in second reading, adopts much of the philosophy of the Quebec act and especially sections on concepts of diversion. Federal officials have been carefully monitoring the Quebec experience. "Certainly we've been sensitive to the problems and concerns expressed over diversion," says Judge Gower Archambault, policy director for young offenders with the ministry of the senior-general Archambault stresses, however, that the federal act contains procedural safeguards that are not present in the Quebec act, including the right of anyone to lay a criminal charge.

Archambault also emphasizes that diversion programs under the proposed federal legislation would be left to provincial initiative—often on the local level. But even in provinces where some measure of diversion has been attempted (only Quebec has a province-wide program), there is little enthusiasm. "We got some problems, we think," says Assistant Chief Judge Walter White of the provincial court of Alberta. "It doesn't provide the same protection for juveniles as the full judicial process. There's no swift reporter, so records, no measure to appeal."

In Quebec the often acerbic debate continues. Essentially it's a clash of values. Social workers stress preventive programs while the police and prosecutors clamor for stiffer punitive solutions. Others argue about practicality. "Diversion is a good thing," says Paul Giguère, a legal aid lawyer in Montreal. "It keeps the trifling cases out of court." Certainly Quebec's critical shortage of group homes and detention centers would bolster this view. Young delinquents escape frequently from insecure facilities while other children wait up to 10 months for treatment.

"This is the real tragedy," says Ruello Mendez. "After that period of time they are put out the door—they're completely unmanageable. It may be cruel," she adds, "but that's because I deal with children every day who are not being helped the way they should be. Too many people are more concerned with protecting this law than protecting the children." ♦



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establishment has yet to acknowledge its existence. Says MacIsaac: "Burdensome research won't be undertaken until society accepts that many chronic diseases are environmentally caused."

Classical ecologists theorize that those who suffer are, as MacIsaac puts it, "ecologically maladapted"—born with an above-average sensitivity to contaminants. It is thought that minor allergy crises over who-did-it happen syndrome after massive exposure to chemicals. Like 80 per cent of the population, Nelson had been an old-fashioned allergy sufferer (she couldn't tolerate strawberries) until her system became overwhelmed by a triple whammy of pesticides within 18 months: first, the extermination of bedbugs in her farmhouse; second, the annual spraying of the orchard that surrounded the house; third, the spraying of her Ottawa highway home because of a dangerous infestation.

As with all allergies, says MacIsaac, "the first line of defense is avoidance." But it's almost impossible to avoid a chemical such as formaldehyde, which is found (to name just a few sources) in tooth art, carpeting, upholstery, tobacco smoke, permanent press clothes and the recently banned area formaldehyde foam insulation. Still, MacIsaac is optimistic that, once identified, even so-called environmental allergies can be controlled and, in time, maybe even cured. First, to target the chemical culprit, clinical examinations are followed by isolation of the patient from as many irritants as possible. Next, chemicals are reintroduced one by one and reactions monitored. Then follows a long and expensive process—sometimes several years—of detoxification and nutritional supplements to help the body detoxify again (its balance. Affected patients can build their own version of Sanctuary Farm, others make do by adopting their own homes. Nelson has moved enough to make two visits to nearby friends—as long as no one wears perfumed substances or smokes. Thirty-one-year-old Heidi James of Saskatoon was so sick with undeclared allergies three years ago that she had to send her three daughters away to be cared for by relatives. Now she hopes to be "normal enough" to hold down a job within a year.

Perhaps the single most frustrating common denominator is necessity: is the lack of understanding—on the part of doctors, the general public, legislators. Nelson knows that her husband was informed by the same pesticides doses that almost killed her, but she worries about the future for people like herself who have minimal tolerance for environmental contaminants. From her wheelchair, she sighs, "If only 10 or 20 per cent of people got sick, does that mean it doesn't matter?" ☐



ADVERTISING

Toy maker tests Quebec's ban on children's ads

Saturday mornings in the red rooms of suburban Quebec are the Saturday mornings anywhere else in North America—every kid is glued to the tube, watching canyon boulders flatten the hapless Wile E. Coyote and dubbed Jellystone Park rangers lecture the incorrigible Yogi Bears that conspicuously missing from the Quebec programming is the old hard sell butter cartoons. Since 1979, when Quebec's Consumer Protection Act banned advertising directed at children under 13—a move unique in North America—there have been no long-time ads for toys and no "key kids" pitches by the peddlers of super-sweet breakfast cereals. In their place are sober notices for upcoming programs, each daily approved by Quebec's Consumer Protection Board. The board has also prescribed guidelines that restrict child-enticing commercials to shows with an audience of less than 15 per cent children, even if the shows are broadcast during prime time.

The strictness has to be appreciated on toy manufacturers. Irwin Toy of Toronto, so that it has become embroiled in bitter legal wranglings with the board. Company Vice-President Mac Irwin complains the law "is effectively putting a ban on the advertising of toys in Quebec. To follow the guidelines would mean we would be advertising toys some time after one o'clock in the morning." On Dec. 8, Irwin became the first company to be charged under the kid ad ban: last fall it aired 219 commercials touting Slinky Toys, miniature Derek Vanders and Strawberry Shortcake dolls. Each transgression carries a maximum fine of \$1,000. Just before charges were

laid, Irwin swiftly filed an action challenging the constitutionality of the ban. The board considers this an attempt to stall the proceedings. Irwin, meanwhile, argues that Quebec's attempt to legislate in the field of TV advertising is a broadcasting matter which falls under federal jurisdiction. Now the board is seeking an injunction barring the take-downs—another move that Irwin is attempting to appeal.

The premise of the law—that children's media families are underdeveloped—also plays a role in the Irwin case. When the law was first adopted Irwin modified its commercials, directing them at adults by adding complex words. But Pierre Valois, the board's lawyer, claims that the jingles and children's voices in the company's ads were still aimed directly at the under-13 set. On the other hand, Ron Brown, president of the Canadian Toy Manufacturers' Association, supports Irwin and feels its redesigned ads comply with the law. But even he points out that the ad broadcasting industry collectively dropped appeals to preschoolers long ago. "You'll find that kids older than that are pretty sharp about deciding what they want," he says.

The board does acknowledge one of the toy maker's charges—that the ban on child-oriented ads is making it hard for Quebec stations to find sponsors for their Saturday morning programming, and could thus make the Pre-empting Yogi Bear an endangered species. Product Valois: "Children's shows will probably just become a sort of non-mandatory service provided by the networks, the same way news is now on some stations." —LARRY BLACK

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FILMS

Stirred beyond comic craziness



DUSTIN LOOSE
Directed by Ice Cube

It is a flawed performance a few years ago, the dimly funny Richard Pryor *Live in Concert*, Pryor did a routine about how blacks and whites respond to grief. The whites weep publicly, the blacks go crazy and tear their hair out. In *Boyz n the City*, in which Pryor plays Joe Briston, a small-time cook forced by his parole officer (Robert Christian) to cross eight disturbed children and their prison teachers from Philadelphia to Washington state in a broken-down bus, Pryor plays on the comic chaos separating blacks and whites. The teacher, Miss Perry, played by Curly Tynon, is unimpressively concerned—a Miss De-Good who only wants a quiet job to be white. The kids, an ethnic mix, include a pyromaniac, an 11-year-old prostitute and a blind kid who likes to drive. Seeking help to get his bus out of the road, Joe meets a Ku Klux Klan outfit in the woods and, thinking quickly, tells them he's transporting the kids "in the Bag" (Christian instructs for the blind). Wiser to the plot, the kids start grouping at the car around them and banging into each other.

Pryor's goal is, which was kept under wraps in *Silk Stree*, is his celebration of the comic difference between black and white perception, but it is also his

extend his range as an actor and keep his comic charm. That wild look in his eyes and coiled nervous energy belong as much to Joe Briston as Richard Pryor, but it is Pryor, the superb physical comedian, who gives to a ballet while slapping in the mood, awakened in the middle of the night and totally confused, searches for his clothes as though he were blind.

Pryor captures Joe Briston's character with the panic of being alive, black and accident-prone. But there is another dimension to him: he understands why kids get in trouble and devising their mischief, and he knows how to get them to start respecting themselves. Deep down he's a softie and one of the great pleasures of the movie is watching prison Miss Perry melt the icy Katharine Hepburn did when charged by circumstances in the glee-gauling, constantly cursing *Boyz n the City*. *Boyz n the City*, though, *Boyz n the City* is nothing more than a series of motivated episodes strided reasonably well together, it has a heartwarming core, and you don't have to freeze your intelligence to be drawn in. Without Pryor it might have been a hard-fisted picture. So far this year no other actor has given as appealing and inventive a performance as this one. He has bounced back beautifully.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

Headline without the story

THE FAN
Directed by Edward Zwick

The Fan is a kind of *Crossing the Mind* A young man (Michael Biehn), about whom we are told very little, wakes his mail to a Broadway star, Sally Kins (Lauren Bacall), about whom we are told as much. The letters, intercepted by the star's assistant (Maureen Stapleton), become increasingly angry, not to mention pornographic. Soon, people near and dear to the star, including the secretary, are victims of various race attacks and chivvies until it is obvious that the fan, his admiration perverted into a confused hatred, is out to kill the star. This is a movie that made its distributor, Paramount Pictures, as nervous they tried to keep its release as quiet as possible.

By the time, Mark David Chapman had killed his idol, John Lennon, and John Hinckley Jr., a fan of



Pryor with Tynon (top) and silent: the difference between black and white

METAMORPHOSIS

I am no longer
that which I have been"
—Byron



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actress Josie Foster, had shot Harold Regan.

Rather than examine the psychology (and often, psychosis) of fandom, *The Fan* simply eyes for the swift, undiminished shock. The director, a new-comer named Edward Zwick who borrows from Hitchcock, De Palma, and Scorsese to produce a slick, thoughtful package, shoots most of the action from the devoted fan's point of view. This in itself isn't contemptible, but when the character is nothing more than a creep, somehow also feels contaminated by watching. Epileptic fits of the fan's behavior are rampant and taken, but



Zwick explores those early feelings

understand a theoretical slant. The movie also has the gall to strongly suggest a single note that the fan plays and then never refers to it again—as if that identity group didn't have enough trouble already.

As for the star, Sally Kohn, it is hard to believe she means. The movie succeeds with a one-wit, talent, charisma—aren't much in evidence, a situation not helped at all by the fact that Lauren Bacall wasn't set but was out of a paper bag. An awful lot sounds, and she's response to the movie is more or less "Kill the bitch and get it over with." Inexplicably the movie rarely delves into so efficiently and cleanly displays. The fan winds an intricate web. We don't feel terror, partly free-floating anxiety, disgust instead of sympathy.

For the fact, fantasy is a substitute for an impoverished reality. In a society demanding that everyone "be something," an artwork or personal effect from the beloved is a kind of fame in itself. The fan never delves into this society. Its main concern is to discover new and unusual ways of showing people getting hurt. It's itself a fantasy of the most distasteful sort. —L.O.T.

BOOKS

Detached remembrances of an uncertain age

A LIFE IN OUR TIMES MEMOIRS
by John Kenneth Galbraith
(Thomas Allen, \$21.95)

At one point in *A Life in Our Times*, his new volume of memoirs, John Kenneth Galbraith writes about his boyhood in Ontario—specifically about the golf that soothed between the good Scotch women who voted Giff (his own people) and the heathen Tories of English stock. In the first couple of decades of this century, he wrote, this "political division" was a fact of life. Yet one "never overlooked any rigorous opportunity to oppose or, if apparently presented, to infuriate" the other side. Such statements are about as close as Galbraith, the best and best-known popularizer of economics, ever comes to self-analysis in this autobiography. But slight as they are, such references are important. Taking his own lesson to heart, Galbraith became the most adept there in the role of the American establishment—but by definition rather than confrontation. The book entailed not only a full career at Harvard, where he was, he confesses, an indifferent teacher, but a long series of jobs, commissions and appointments in the public sector, which are largely what this book recounts.

All the while, Galbraith has also been a most prolific author (this is his 11th book), and here he tells the dilemma. So much of his story has been told so many times before that *A Life in Our Times* comes out sounding a bit like *The Best of Galbraith*. To his credit, Galbraith knew what he was getting into. "If you continue to write," he states in conclusion, "you have repeatedly to say goodnight to the tendency to plagiarize yourself." The effect of all this is such that one must mentally read *A Life in Our Times* either as a sort of ready reference and reference course, or as a work of very faint prose for pure sake, as most readers are apt to do.

In some ways, the tarring point of Galbraith's career was not when he joined the brain trust, or when he went to work for Franklin Roosevelt confronting the terms of pure Giff, or even when he met his future partner, Helen Kennedy. It was when he became involved with Henry Luce. His staff job at Fortune gave him access to the workings of huge U.S. corporations, helping



Galbraith: a study of power

to shape his ideas on the role of such companies in relation to government and the market. Perhaps more importantly, he learned journalistic style. Like Maudslayi (his first boss) or Gore Vidal (his editor), he wrote dreamy early books and years of contributing to consumer magazines taught him clarity and clarity.

It's a fair assumption that most people who enjoy his writing haven't considered why Galbraith is widely said to have preferred a stately Old World—as it were, Tory-style, but this is ridiculous when he is compared to someone like William F. Buckley Jr. who generally does write such an easy read. Galbraith, rather, writes very hard and just paragraphs, full of dry wit and simple constructions. The trick is that he does so in a variety of poses.

For instance, there is Galbraith's cultural observer, presenting a political speech made in 1958. "I looked down to see a totally naked man and a handsome young woman who had only six small neckers hanging me up the back of a pig. This was an accepted mark of disfavor in those days, the device to support a philosophy but not with approval approval." Or Galbraith's epigrammatist, "Nakedness in a university is always, often partly, seen by those as a sign of inferior scholarship."

The past and present are almost always.

What is truly consistent in Galbraith's two-part series of essays. The first part in Galbraith's essays about self-reliance, his new book is a father, a farmer and rural politician, would mount a measure of life in the riding and apologize to the assembled crowd. "For speaking from the Tory platform." But he went to extend the metaphor to confirm that he himself has succeeded in the U.S. as that most Canadian of beings, the Red Tory—a little odder and a little Tories than we ourselves are used to, but after Tory all the same. And this in turn is clearly told to the fact he always maintain the posture of a detached, ironic manner of life—even of his own. The result is that the jokes are wonderful and the passion and tend that should reform them completely unaccounted. As G.K. Chesterton remarked of George Bernard Shaw, he wrote off a list of light—but absolutely no best.

—DOUG FETTERLING

Between the moral and the possible

THE ART OF LIVING
by John Gardner
(Bantam Books, \$14.95)

John Gardner asserts, barrens, struts (always with acknowledgment) and transforms. Contrasted with the attempt of art and life, of literary and historical truth, he has produced in his relatively brief career one of the longest and most interesting tales, a biography of Chaucer and an epic poem on a classical theme. And more, his second collection, presents him at his finest, wide-ranging best.

There are 30 pieces in all, in dramatic modes—poetic fables and fables, down-home rural comedy, sensitive portraits of childhood and adolescence in western and northern New York state. Many of the stories focus upon the crisis of art and life, of experience, nearly all catch a crystalline glimpse and reflect it into a quilt of glittering images or sharp-edged metaphors. The book is not experimental in any avant-garde manner, Gardner's too much the traditionalist for that. Still, it is marked with impressive originality at every turn.

In *Moment the Sun-Painter*, for instance, an artisan in a long-age kingdom falls in love with a princess and falls in brutal challenge to overcome the curse of her so-called life. The portrait's first words come. Visions in metaphors, not in the tale itself. Visions, the princess and her picture explore, to a risky harmonious



Gardner: impressive surprises

companion, the relation of beauty to lying. The title story, on the other hand, relatively plays out, with fine control of plot and tone, the strategies of a somewhat misunderstood chef in a small-town Italian restaurant to achieve a triumph in his art. His misanthropic Chinese Imperial Dog, served to the local two-aged aristocratic gang.

Gardner is a master of the seasonal opening; he gives a reader just enough setting and background to slip him effortlessly into the world of each tale. With voices he's equally adept. He never seems to labor as he shifts from the stylized narrative of Hemis to the quirky prose result of a misunderstood ex-bossman to laconic little bell potter in *The Joy of the Just* that would do any of Flannery O'Connor's "good country people" proud.

Readers familiar with Gardner's work will recognize his primary an-epic-light and dark, river and valley, travel and fight. There's humor in these stories, and a full measure of graceful, unobtrusive prose. He is never harsh in his characters. In his recent critical books, *The Moral Puritan*, he speaks approvingly of moral art which "seeks to improve life, not debate it," which "seeks to hold off, at least for a while, the twilight of the gods and us." Gardner meets these standards easily.

What gives these stories their power is Gardner's interest in the connection between the moral and the possible. From first (*Niverson*, a worldly middle-aged man's perception of life and death as he encounters with a doctored young girl) to last (*The Art of Reading*, Gardner is consistently a romantic novelist. His stories are the low-pointers' vivid pictures of gardens—"beaute in their depiction of both the beauty and the sadness of the world as it is." There's considerable expertise in this book, and courage and joy.

—DOUGLAS HILL

A convoluted Gallic shrug

THE TURN-AROUND
by Vladimir Volokh
(Clark's, \$17.95)

Turning around a Russian spy master or seeking out a male in one's secret service is familiar territory to thriller readers. Le Carré's Smiley and his Ciarra have done more with this business than anyone ever believed possible. The Turn-around by Vladimir Volokh proves the genre is not defunct. This Gallic shrug of a spy novel, deflected to no one less than Graham Greene, posits some of the master's best ideas, combining them with fascinating characters and a complex, convoluted plot.

The scene is postcolonial France during the mid-1960s, "a time when a certain newly formed foreign government was busy picking the friends of France in exile." According to the official entry in *Le Monde*, Cyril Volokh, author, novelist and dogmatically extraordinary to Lt-Col. Rat, Chief de Gist, French Army Intelligence. The story is a dry, bureaucratic, backward, captured by the descendants of White Russian exiles who spend their days translating magazines, writing sophisticated essays and playing word games in French and Russian. Suddenly, Volokh feels himself threatened with insider back to his enemies, a rare ticket out of Paris and a posting abroad. He saves himself by creating a fake operation based on the turning of the 1939 agent Pagan, "the naïf with the heart of gold."

MACLEAN'S BEST SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *Noble House*, Clarendon (2)
- 2 *The Governor*, Macmillan (2)
- 3 *Conk Park*, Seash (2)
- 4 *Crusade*, Fald (2)
- 5 *UPL*, Clarendon (2)
- 6 *A Woman Called Sepia*, Gurr (1)
- 7 *Free Fall*, Clarendon, Macmillan (2)
- 8 *Reins*, Cook (2)
- 9 *Frederick*, King (2)
- 10 *King of Angels*, Seash (2)

Nonfiction

- 1 *Common*, Seash (2)
- 2 *The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide*, Seash (1)
- 3 *The Citizen*, Jones (2)
- 4 *Power Men*, Seash (2)
- 5 *Male Power*, Macmillan (2)
- 6 *The Canadian Capital*, Clarendon (2)
- 7 *The Northern Man*, Gurr (2)
- 8 *Peasants, Peasants & Wright* (2)
- 9 *Wealth and Poverty*, Gurr (2)
- 10 *The Eagle's Gull*, Clarendon (2)

(1) Previews but not

Volokh hopes only to stall for time to find himself another scenario. But in *Turn of Our Man in Moscow* and *The Russian Factor* will know, these fanciful self-protection schemes have a way of oversteering their creators. This convoluted case is taken up by Rat and together they scheme to trap Pagan through a woman. The plots and subplots fail as Pagan ignores the girl and discovers the waitress. Just as Volokh and Rat think all is lost, the convoluted scenes in a manner and style that only Greene and Volokh could envision. Once tested, the plot seems like a carousel.



Volokh: a plot like a carousel

Despite these plot twists, *The Turn-around* is a slow book. Volokh's skills in recreating the half-world of the Parisian White Russian, the relics of revolution already sought and lost, but still remembered. There are also long philosophical dialogues, psychological and other verbiage which has conditioned by the neo-and-artistic school and find tedious, and references to historical and literary figures which many will not recognize.

Oddly enough, these references and mania, because they are in character, do not detract from the novel. For all its cynical humor and extravagant plot, *The Turn-around* is to be savored like a slow wine. The fact that it was last year's French best seller and winner of the Prix Chateaubriand indicates that the French still like their literature to be literary rather than escapist. As Volokh puts it, "It was the embodiment of France—small, tedious, machinically behind the times, insignificant, and yet he was forced to take me seriously." One can enjoy the wit and the elegant sentences. "A lost engineer, lost American respectively to Mr. Graham Greene" reads the dedication to Vladimir Volokh, from —MARGARET CAMPBELL

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Making Canadians bigger. And Canada smaller.

Showcase of promise

A stated aim of the Toronto Theatre Festival, which closed last week, was to showcase home-grown products with a representative sample of theatre from abroad. Wary of constant media censure that Canadian theatre was mollymolded and inferior, Toronto theatre companies refused to display their dramatic best. The rest of the country, with a few exceptions, ungrudgingly agreed, either believing or hoping that the festival would fail and prick the balloon of Toronto's purported cultural pre-eminence once and for all. The solid supporters included Theatre Calgary's acclaimed production of *The Kite by W.G. Sebald*, the Vancouver Playhouse's maligned *Macbeth* and a large contingent from Quebec who had no stake in anglophone theatre policies.

The result was quite unexpected. At the box-office the festival was a qualified success, returns were estimated at 65 per cent instead of a hoped-for 75 to 80 per cent, leaving the festival's annual or biennial future status uncertain. Several of the 60 fringe productions closed early for want of audiences, but the energy level at these Open Stage events—many performed in ideal surroundings at the Harbourfront complex on Lake Ontario—prompted a new awareness of the vitality and variety of experimental theatre across the world.

The more established Canadian companies in the Main Stage series didn't fare so well. Proven favorites such as *Rockwell and Mogue and Prove*, as well as new hits such as *Factory Theatre's* *Le Theatre of the Pils Beer*, did sell-out houses. But once again (and especially here), the hallmark of the festival was on many Canadian theatre, delayed the opening of *Harpoon* by one week and doomed *Montreal and Shadowbox Mies* to critical scorn. Since the festival was first announced last April, why anyone's these productions ready? The blame lies on many shoulders, but the indigenous Canadian theatre is to become self-supporting, especially in a highly competitive city such as Toronto, this question must be answered in full.

The foreign companies were embarrassingly superior (Shaw Festival productions copied in terms of multi-media acting technique, ensemble playing and production values). Nowhere was this more evident than in *Dispendenza della Pannozza* by Italy's Teatro Stabile dell'Aquila, a grandly conceived reworking of Christ's trial and execution with a jolting visual songography



Laura Mazzucato in 'Dispendenza della Pannozza', an unexpected result

that tapped the deepest sources of ritual and modern myth. Elizabeth Scharf of the Berliner Ensemble blasted through language barriers with his cameo show of French songs and poems and a prodigious display of acting gymnastics. Audiences were also entranced by the clever improvisational work and wit of the English alternative companies, *Twelve Theatre* and *Shard Scharf*.

An obvious conclusion to be drawn from the festival is that much more time and money must be invested in the training of actors, directors, producers and theatre administrators. The stage directors seminars for producers and the Actors' Equity workshops were excellent forums, but the country's state-of-the-art infrastructure needs substantial bolstering—the universities, *Belfry School of Fine Arts* and the National Theatre School are not enough

Phoenix Theatre's *Hamlet* was a case in point, clearly thought out and masterfully staged, the production faltered as though any lack of talent on the part of John Brown as Hamlet, on the contrary, his interpretation was passionate and the collaboration with Gertrude brilliant. He and several of the supporting cast often lacked the technique to handle the text adequately. This problem, supposedly native to North America, was succinctly addressed by the U.S.-based Shakespeare Company's *Twelfth Night*, but although their every vowel was pear-shaped, the production had no guiding vision. Very few Canadian companies concentrate on the actor the way English's *Twelfth Night* Theatre does; their mind-boggling interpretation of Joyce's *Ulysses* drives the performer's physical resources to the limit, unleashing an inner energy that galvanizes their bodies into sculpted recreations of the written word. Only *Moby* by Toronto's Actor's Lab revealed this kind of potential with the magnificent Arizona Freireira as a mad Amona Amona.

The key word here is "potential." When the bottom line is drawn, for all their technical expertise, the talented foreign companies such as *Shard Scharf* perceive essentially presented light, polished entertainment often winging on the breeze. Whatever their shortcomings—inadequate preparation, lack of objectivity resulting from playing to specialized audiences, insufficient attention paid to the fundamental necessity of providing entertainment—the Canadian companies presented politically the most engaging and profound theatre at the festival. There were more gripping moments of theatre magic, more visions of creative energy in *Théâtre Fosse Marcell's* *Shadowbox Mies*, *Tarragon Theatre's* *Gynocore* or *Bacon Theatre's* *Cold Comfort* than in most other festival offerings. It may be inexcusable (and financially sensible) for these theatres to caper on stage, so does this justify the drought to get to the gold, but the gold is there. Outside the glaring focus of the media eye, new prospects for recovery should be explored immediately.

—MARK CHAPMAN

Monument with a moral message

SAINT JOAN

*By George Bernard Shaw
Directed by Christopher Norton*

In his second year at the Shaw Festival, Artistic Director Christopher Norton is avidly pursuing his successful policy of prodding this and that into the theatre's repertoire. The substantial theatrical fare instead of far-



McLellan, the humor is almost invisible

cial fudge. However, his proposed version of Saint Joan (never before produced in Shaw's knowledge) begins with a quote from Lord Wolcott and seems to 20-minute epilogues, proved too revolutionary for the administrators of Shaw's literary estate, who demanded that Norton ensure the play's or far-left rights to the epilogue, who has succeeded at publicly about the alienating of artistic expression in the authoritarian '80s, was thoroughly miffed but gave in, effectively strapping the epilogue with the cast reading the text from posters.

The director presents the problems with his no-nonsense, hard-headed interpretation. Shaw wrote in his preface to *Saint Joan* that without the epilogue the play is only "a sentimental tale of a girl who was burnt." This production is more concerned than sentimental. Co-writer Patrick's starkly elaborate and strongly detailed scenes transform the daughter's court into a bewildered medieval tapestry. Despite vibrant performances by David Hewlett as Cauchon and Robert Benson as Warwick, the male characterizations are generally flat and static. In a much too pointed contrast, Ben McLellan's Joan is plain, clergy and impassioned, a president (even in the choice of individual freedoms) enabled by institutional rigidity and ignorance. The festival Shaw constantly employed to make his deeply felt opinions more palatable is almost invisible here except, ironically, in the grudgingly rendered epilogue, a lightly mumbled reminder of what the rest of this production says lacks.

—M.C.

Cutting the dance short

Canadians lost their invitations to a lavish dance last week

Only his infallible passing stature prevented TV dancer Norman Campbell from slumping in rehearsal for last week's *Canadian Dance Spectacular* in Ottawa's National Arts Centre. Campbell, a two-time Emmy Award winner, had labored feverishly fighting out camera angles and lighting for the five-hour CBC program which was to be broadcast Saturday night across Canada. The gala would consist of one work by each of the eight participating companies (performed by a total of 100 dancers), representing every dance tradition, from the abundant psychodrama of *Le Groupe de la Place Royale* to the minimalist product of the Na-

gure the incredible challenges of staging such an event, the opening performance on Thursday was virtually flawless. The dancers were well rehearsed and eager to prove themselves. The only fault lay with the constrained time limits and often obscure performance choices of the companies. The ballroom scene of the National Ballet's *Rossini and Juliet*, with its opulent black-and-gold costumes, was only a periphery of the company's strength. Las Grands Ballets Canadiens' *Handman's Reef* wavered uncertainly between a country houn-

David La Hay and Annelle at Paul de Leeuw's *Blaise Cendrars*, coming of age, even without the costumes



tional ballet. Then, inconspicuously, Campbell received word that six months of planning would have to go down the drain because of the current CBC technicians' strike.

Despite the cancellation, the show, lavishly funded by government and produced by the Canadian Association of Professional Dance Organizations, sold-out for three consecutive nights. Campbell's television extravaganza had been intended to announce the coming of age of dance in Canada, spreading the word to conscious Canadians writing at home. Says Theatre Schenck of the National Ballet, "This is the first time something like this has been put together and it won't happen again for a long time."

The evening tragedy was that de-

down, Scottish reel and classical ballet. The works of the national companies—Anja Wynas Dance Theatre, Le Groupe de la Place Royale, Winnipeg's Contemporary Dancers and the Daisy Greenaway Dance Company—showed a messy disaffection for the strength and flow of traditional dance form. Balancing this was the Toronto Dance Theatre with the clean lines of *Norwegian Suite* and the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's vibrant and unapologetic *Der Weibler*, perhaps the best-suited for the show's format. Yet the bewildering diversity was also unquestionably a strength. No one taking part in the class was standing ovation could deny that after years of hard struggling, Canadian dance was at last out there and united in the sense of purpose.

—JEAN AYRE

Down for the count

Prying questions are bad enough, but civil servants swearing on the phone?

By Allan Fotheringham

Two nice ladies appeared at my door one afternoon. They informed me that it was an all or nothing offer, because the 1981 census envelope they handed over was one of the big fat ones that at random households are given. It is apparently considered luck to be asked by your government to give out more personal information than you would. I've looked over the census form and noted the usual "Legal Requirement—The census of Canada is taken under the authority of the Statistics Act, which requires everyone to provide the information requested." I'm going to fill in some of the blanks. And in some of the others I'm going to tell the government it's none of its business.

I'll tell you why. Eight years ago, I received a warm letter from someone I'd never met, the celebrated Sylvia Ostry, then head of Statistics Canada and the highest-ranking female mandarin in Ottawa. It informed me that I, as my complete belief, had been chosen to be an integral part of "a very important survey of Highly Qualified Manpower on behalf of the Ministry of State for Science and Technology." This rather astonished me, since the last attachment I've had to science was when a pharmacy student used to switch some pure alcohol from the university lab so we all, on our Sunday night revels, could heat the one of Singapore V.O. If the government considered non-scientists highly qualified manpower, I thought, then it was in worse shape than I'd imagined.

Here comes, a week later there arrived a bundle, large enough to give a copyboy a hernia. It was accompanied by a warm letter from Annie Beaulieu, secretary to the minister of state for science and technology. It was asking me to wade through some 88 pigeonholes, including such as "OT—Energy/energy/paleontology, including Ministry personnel" and asking me what my area was. Not how it was, but what it was. Enough paper junk crosses my desk in a day to overflow a landfill site. Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for *Saskatoon News*.

in Alexander Haig's heart and I threw the thing away, mentioning in my column that if a government didn't know whether Allan Fotheringham was male or female, I certainly wasn't going to help them.

A strange thing happened. Two months later, I received an anonymous phone call from a civil servant—calling me at home on a Sunday night. He demanded to know why the command from Ottawa had not been obeyed. Where was my survey? I told him to get



lost and stop interrupting my Sunday evenings, which I usually spent reading *The Collected Works of Her Majesty*. Within 10 minutes the chap's supervisor was on the line, warning me of a statute that specifies \$500 or three months in jail for not filling in this governmental survey.

By this time, the survey had become a joke—or so I thought. Other people who had received it were writing me, including a labourer on a North Vancouver work gang, who became a millionaire for a day with his notes when he received a dividend that Ottawa regarded him as Highly Qualified Manpower. I mentioned all this in another light-hearted newspaper column item, saying that I was bored with the government bothering me so my answer with inquiries about my income, assets and salary details. That night, the phone rang at home. It was a Mr. Prosko, a supervisor for Statistics Canada. He was alive, swearing and issuing threats. Among the accusations was that my non-answers at the weekend

were "in a timid voice." (I'm known among friends as a shy volet.) Into my phone, at my home, in my evening, he shouted "Ruhsh!" when I attempted to reason with him. There were no questions of "immediate normal details" on the survey, he said, and anyway, "I doubt whether you're capable of it." (My secretary faxed dead away at this news.) Mr. Prosko, my civil servant, grew quite threatening, promising to "pursue this matter through Ottawa." I told him to do it in his hat and we parted, not friends.

Now there is an interesting matter here. At that time, I was required to have an unlisted phone number, since the workbooks and rules of the Social Credit movement liked to phone and offer to assassinate my dog and other such intellectually stimulating suggestions. How could Mr. Prosko and his buddies find an unlisted phone number? On investigation, I found the link. On my income tax form—which also promises the same complete confidentiality you can promise on your census form—I had previously listed my home number as requested. The *StatCan* people, no doubt in a computer, retrieved my unlisted number from the income tax people who promised to me—and who lost.

I got my revenge on the unknown Sylvia Ostry when invited to appear on a panel with her. I had not all the *Prosko* evidence before an audience of civil servants, embarrassing her to shreds. We're paid now and we'll have a funny laugh the next time I'm in the vicinity of her now *Pern* about, but that's not the point. I've seldom received so much response from any readers as from similarly stunned readers after I detailed Mr. Prosko's amazing vocabulary. The man who got called telegrams from *StatCan* because he refused to complete the survey. The woman who was pulled over the phone because her husband was out of town and she wouldn't do the form herself.

I don't like a civil servant who works for me the taxpayer, bothering me on my weekends and evenings. If he wants to waste at me, he can do it on business hours. I don't trust my government anymore.



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